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MAJOR GRUMBO'S SURPRISE-PARTY.

'Pshaw!' said Major Grumbo, dashing down the *Times*, 'another surprise-party! This tomfoolery is being run into the ground. I can't look into a newspaper but what I see an account of one. There is not a little starveling clergyman in town, with a lean wife and six lean children; there's not a bank cashier who survived the crisis; there's not an alderman who has n't in six months robbed the corporation-till; there's not a railroad conductor of five years' good standing, who has n't built himself a fine house out of his stealings, but what is astonished by two or three dozen witlings, who come in and take possession of his premises, light his gas, cook him a warm meal, give him two hundred dollars, wipe his little boys' noses with new pocket-handkerchiefs, and present his wife with a silver pap-bowl and a dozen night-gowns, adding their congratulations on the already flourishing family, and hopes of its further increase.'

Major Grumbo groaned. He was a bachelor of eight-and-forty. Vainly for him had marriage-bells rung out their notes of joy, and smart milliners invented wedding favours; vainly for him had frosted cakes been cut up, and their magic rings melted two frosted hearts into one warm one. For him the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' with its exquisite pictures of family love, had vainly glowed in the breast of Burns; and lost on him was the pathos of Gray's lines:

'No children run to lisp their sire's return
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.'

But had Major Grumbo ever read these as golden gifts of English poetry, (I do not say that he had not read them,) he would have cared no more for children, he would still have regarded them as nuisances, he would still have growled at a quotation from Mother Goose, and stormed outright had any little trot of three years run at him, saying:

'Wass me, and dress me, and lay me down softly,
Dat I may look pretty when papa comes home.'

VOL. LIV.

36

Major Grumbo had a sister whose ideas in regard to domestic happiness were directly opposed to his own. She always said that nothing was so sweet as a dear little baby; and she had made her words good by presenting her husband with eight specimens in the course of twelve years. She had married early, and always advised all young people to do as she had done: she dilated on juvenile traits of character; she said she rejoiced to see the young ones growing and putting forth like young olive branches around the table. She could teach all the mysteries of skipping-rope, cup and ball, hunt the slipper, forfeits, jack-straws, humming-tops; knew 'Mother Goose' from title-page to finis, and was well posted in Miss Jane Taylor's 'Original Poems for Infant Minds.' She was a natural match-maker—susceptible school-boys made her their confidant, and loving maidens met often by accident at her house the ones they most desired to see. She was an optimist, believed in love without money, and pitied married people without children.

All such precepts and practices were gall and wormwood to Major Grumbo. He considered his sister a pest, a dangerous innovator and disturber of the public peace. Whenever he dined with her, which was but once a year, such was the terror he inspired in her young brood, that the boys preferred their plum pudding cold at tea-time rather than wait for it, and the girls left the table without a crease in their starched apron. He enjoined that the baby was not to be brought down at dessert, under penalty of making his visits but once in four years, when spring is edged off one day further by the twenty-ninth of February. None of those bantlings dreamed of seizing their uncle's hat, and stirring its gloves and papers with his cane; they would rather have braved Mr. Rhubarb, the saturnine apothecary around the corner, and climbed on top of his shop to mix imaginary boluses in his big gilt mortar. The neighbors said, that whenever there was an arrival in his sister's family, he considered himself an injured man; he sent for the doctor, who abetted the conspiracy; made due inquiries about the mother, and when told that the child was healthy and likely to survive, put his own head and his door-bell into mufflers, went to bed, and charged the servant to say that he was as well as could be expected.

'Another surprise-party!' reiterated the Major. 'Well, I should n't be astonished if I were to have one myself soon. Here comes little Mr. Halo; he can't be coming to tell me to prepare for it.'

Halo entered. A dapper little man, with twinkling blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and hair which time had slightly whitened, while it left his lips young and smiling. He set a perpetual example of practical benevolence: not rich, he could not often give money; when unable to, he gave time, and wasted neither on undeserving objects.

‘Major Grumbo, I come to you on a pleasant errand. The members of our society to which you belong, are getting up a small surprise-party for our minister, the Rev. Increase Multiply. You know his salary is not large ; that he has labored long and faithfully ; that he has a large family, six children ; and that his little boy died of whooping cough last winter. We have nearly made up the amount, and the presents and the supper are all arranged. I happened to think of you, and should have been very sorry not to ask your aid. A donation in cash would be thankfully received, or you could, if you prefer, contribute a few bottles of that very fine old wine which you bought at Commodore Crusty’s late sale. Poor old gentleman, he must have had rather a lonely time in his last illness ; never married, and no immediate relatives.’

‘Commodore Crusty, Sir,’ answered the Major, ‘was my intimate friend, one of the few sensible men of this degenerate age ; he was too wise, Sir, to marry ; and if I can only follow his example steadfastly to the end, I shall be happy. As to this surprise-party, Sir, I unhesitatingly answer no ; and it is quite surprising enough, Sir, to find a man of your intelligence and influence taking part in such a ridiculous matter. I hate all these surprises, Sir, they only offer premiums to indolence, and what is worse, to huge families, the one great evil of the day. The Rev. Mr. Multiply has not been over-worked ; and if his family is large, he should have been contented with a smaller one according to his means.’

‘Why, Major,’ blandly suggested Mr. Halo, ‘my own flock teaches me to have a fellow-feeling for another’s. Mine numbers five.’

‘It is too large, Sir,’ persisted the Major.

‘I should be very sorry to see it lessened. It’s a great comfort to me.’

‘So you all say. Miserable infatuation. Read ‘Malthus on Population,’ Sir, and see the awful state of things we are coming to.’

‘Why, Major, you are worse than Benedict. Even he at last agreed that ‘the world must be peopled.’’

‘Yes, Sir, and I quarrel with the immortal bard for that sentiment. Had we a censorship of the press, I’d move for an expurgated edition of Shakspeare, with said sentence expunged.’

‘Then, am I really to think, Major, that you won’t come to the gathering — won’t be one of us ?’

‘You are, Sir ; I’ll join no society for the propagation of error. Why, some one is running here every day for this, that, and the other object.’

‘And do you give all of them any thing, Major ?’

‘Oh ! no, I do n’t give any of them any thing.’

‘Then I hope that in this one instance you will feel disposed to aid

us ; and if you will not go to the party in person, send some of the good wine to represent you.'

'Not a drop, Sir, not a drop. I can neither aid nor sanction such a scheme. Large families, begging your pardon, Sir, are my aversion. Egad they talk of making me President of our Peace Association ; if they do, I'll insure some to society by offering premiums for sterility and a bonus to babycide. No, I won't go to the party, beside, it's the regular monthly meeting of our Antique and Honorable Foggy Association ; and my sister and whole family will be with you, I'll be bound.'

'They have promised us that pleasure, and she is ——'

'An extraordinary female, a blind leader of the blind.'

'Well, Major Grumbo,' said Mr. Halo, 'I perceive that the subject is disagreeable to you, and will therefore take my leave. I hope, however, that you will change your mind before night-fall, and perhaps before long you will find how pleasant it is to have a surprise-party yourself.'

'Never,' bawled the bachelor as Mr. Halo retreated, 'never.' He roared out the word, partly because he meant to keep it, and part in bravado. 'Mehitable Higgins will be there,' he thought ; 'what's Mehitable to me, if people do say we would make a fine couple, and that she is waiting for me. Sensible woman ; if she wishes to retain my regard, she will keep single. No, I won't go,' and Major Grumbo buttoned up his coat and looked fierce.

The Antique and Honorable Foggy Association was a combined historical and scientific society, for the diffusion of useless knowledge and the revivification of exploded humbug. It resuscitated the corpses of small facts which have perished simply from want of popular interest to keep them alive. It accumulated a museum of rarities, from fac-similes of the pothooks invented by Cadmus in approximating the alphabet, down to the fragment of a burst bomb-shell from the ruins of Greytown. It deplored progress as innovation, and the more obscure and mouldy any subject discussed at its monthly meetings appeared to be, the more intense interest did it create in the members. On this evening the proceedings were announced 'of the utmost importance,' and the punctual attendance of every member requested. A large audience listened with profound attention to a learned paper from Professor Porous on pumice-stone ; after which a donation to the society was announced from the celebrated Von Squattenhen, a copy of his treatise on 'Incubation.' Several prominent members then addressed the chair, proposing a vote of thanks to the great Von Squattenhen, and that he be made a corresponding member to be balloted for at the next meeting. The President, Judge Fossil, thought the compliment well-timed ; he had read the treatise, and

pronounced it 'exhaustive.' Doubtless the company thought so too, for they now agreed to adjourn to a neighboring room to partake of their usual collation, leaving two excited members in the midst of a heated personal discussion which had sprung up between them, regarding the lost archives of the Pequot Indians.

Contrary to Major Grumbo's general mood, he took no part in the evening's work, except of his duty in reading the usual minutes of what the society had not done at the last meeting. He felt ill at ease, an unaccountable weight pressed upon his spirits. Before leaving the house, his servant informed him that she was going to a wedding, and could not be at home before one o'clock. At another time he would have growled, but now only thought, 'Even she goes out, and loves company.' He lingered a moment on his door-step, nervously listening to the wild wind which banged the shutters to-and-fro, and he looked up to the stars which twinkled as if they could just keep themselves from being blown out. Then he turned back, drew his gas-light in the hall down to a feeble glimmer, thought how dismal it looked; locked the door, turned up his coat-collar, and went to his appointed meeting. But his thoughts wandered quite often to Mr. Multiply's surprise-party, which he knew would begin at nine o'clock, on his return with all his family flock from the premeditated tea-drinking of one of the conspirators. The Major found that even his appetite was gone, and that his glass of champagne went down like a dose of pins and needles. 'I've half a mind to run round to Multiply's,' he thought, 'only I'm ashamed to, as I did not give any thing. Never mind, I'll go to the next surprise-party, provided it is not in aid of a large family.'

The Major soon left the society of ancient and honorable fogies, and betook himself to his solitary dwelling. As his foot struck upon the door-step and he drew out his key—a queer key it was—he was startled to see, what he had not observed before, that the gas was blazing in the hall. Could the girl have come in and turned it up, against his positive orders! But in a moment more his doubts were resolved; the door opened, and in the full light he saw, not his servant, but a young man. For an instant or two Major Grumbo looked him full in the face, vainly imagining the stranger's name. At length a face of olden time came back upon his memory, though he still could not greet him until the strange visitor put out his hand and said:

'What, Major Grumbo, not remember me! Charles Temple forgotten! Why, you said when we parted last, that you never, never could cease to hold my image clear before you.'

'Charles Temple! so indeed you are! But I supposed you were in Italy still, and had long forgotten me. Remember,' said the Major, rather gravely, 'that it is twelve years since we parted, and that in all

that time, excepting the first letter from you announcing your arrival in Rome, you have never once honored me with a line.'

'True, Major, I did wrong, very wrong, but I will explain all. Tell me first, however, that you are yet glad to see me.'

'I am glad, my dear boy, delighted indeed, but so surprised, that if you had brought with you the very Pope and his whole college of cardinals, I could not be more astounded.'

'I will tell you all soon, Major, but do not let me keep you longer waiting in your own hall. Let me act the part of cicerone as I often have amidst the studios of the Eternal City, and usher you into your drawing-room. Here are others whose presence may also surprise you.'

As the Major and Temple entered the parlor, two women arose and profoundly saluted the master of the house. He had not seen them, as was the case with Temple, for long years, but he instantly recognized in the elderly female Marguerite Ritter, the locksmith's widow; and in the lovely girl beside her, just entering the season of woman's full and luscious prime, her daughter Doris.

'Doris Ritter,' said the Major gallantly, after clasping the mother's hand, 'you are still too beautiful.'

The girl blushed instantly, her neck and face suffused with the deepest crimson, like that of a damask rose, but she said nothing while she trembled.

The stranger at once relieved her from embarrassment, saying: 'But she is not too beautiful

'Or good

For human nature's daily food,'

even if Doris Ritter was once. That was her name to-day, but to-night she is Doris Temple.'

A shadow crossed the Major's face, and a slight sigh might have been heard from him. 'Married!' he exclaimed; 'married to-day, to you, Charles? Still more and more surprising. A bride! And why is your first visit to a forlorn old bachelor, instead of to some palace of pleasures to wear out the honeymoon? Come, no more mystery, you must tell me all your story, Temple; and, Doris, yours.'

'And mine also, is due,' added the widow. 'I come to give you up your key, companion to the one you hold in your hand, and with which we passed your door half-an-hour before you entered.'

'And have eight years sped so fast!' said the Major, 'for it is that period since that key was thus used. Eight years in truth, and happily passed with you I hope, Madam Ritter!'

'Not altogether happy years, nor swift ones, but I am thankful. You know my husband lived when the key last turned in that lock.'

'Yes, I remember now,' said the Major, shuddering, 'I had for the

moment lost memory, but now we keep Temple waiting, and impatient to tell his story.'

'I have no great tale to tell my kind friend Major Grumbo,' said the young stranger, 'but an explanation is certainly due to you for my long silence. Pardon me if I go back some years, to relate circumstances well known to you in truth, but not to Doris and her mother, for although they know you as a strong help and stay, they do not yet know why I so honor you, and I wish them to. I was a friendless orphan when you first took me by the hand, and you will find that my mysterious silence which you at one time attributed to my death in Rome, and again to my heartless indifference for past favors, sprung indeed from the deepest respect and gratitude. Let me call to your mind my harsh old task-master, Sawblock, the stone-cutter, to whom I was apprenticed at the age of eleven years. Doris never heard of him, and will never look now upon his hard features, for I learn that he died a month or two before my return, rich and rugged to the last. My father had left my mother a portionless widow: he taught school, but his pupils were few, and his lessons frequently interrupted by the state of his health, for consumption had long fixed upon him its insidious grasp. I knew that my mother tried to supply his place, but as I sat beside her in the cheerless school-room, young as I was, I could see how her heart ached as one by one her pupils dwindled away. Often, when she had summoned courage to appear cheerful or indifferent, as a parent came in to announce that her child's quarter had expired, and that she would be removed, as soon as we were alone she would give way to bitter weeping, and when she dried the tears from her cheeks, despair settled in their stead. I understood the mystery without a word from her, for to me she always appeared cheerful, and spoke in hopeful accents. We were poor, wretchedly poor. The rich, even those who possess a sufficiency without wealth, know nothing of the pangs of poverty, though they give money to relieve it. They cannot feel for the sufferings of those who have known better days. I do not mean the mere physical wants of food and fire, for few actually perish for need of them, when good and charitable men stand by with open purses. But it is the agony of mind, most dread accompaniment of poverty, that eats into the heart and brain, the bitter sense of imbecility and dependence, the innumerable and nameless degradations of penury, the ceaseless self-denial imposed at every moment of existence, the iron fact that the very least indulgence to-day will bring suffering to-morrow. And bitterest of all, for those cursed with a love of art or literature or the beautiful in nature, want, want, want gnaws at their very vitals. The tame common-places meant in kindness fall dreary on the heart, the counsel to look on the bright side of things, to summon resolution, that it is as easy to be

happy in one dull room as in a spacious house, if the mind is only brought down to it. All this kind of consolation is worse than mockery, for the comforters say to the sick, Take up thy bed and walk, forgetful that Christ alone could be obeyed.

‘Pardon this digression, but my heart was full of my poor mother’s sufferings, and at this day, prosperous as I now am, I cannot listen to such sentiments with patience, knowing from my own experience and those of others, that wealth is not essential to happiness, but that competence is. I loved my mother, and my heart bled for her miseries, often at the sight of her scanty dress, denying herself that I might be neatly clothed; but I was helpless. We grew poorer day by day; little plans and expedients failed, and at length I thought I should go mad when she took me by the hand and went from house to house soliciting the washing of the family, and showing me as large enough to carry the linen to-and-fro, so that their servant’s time need not be wasted. I was little more than ten years of age, but that night I kneeled in agony before my mother, and besought her to let me learn a trade, that I might earn something for her. No, not yet; she could not bear to part from me yet. At length I gained her reluctant consent. Eight months we waited in vain for a chance of employment, while my kind mother still bade me hope on, even while her form was slowly wasting from the hard toil which won our daily bread. At length we heard of Sawblock, the stone-cutter; he wanted a boy, partly to run on errands, and to bring up to the business he followed, but he would listen to no proposal unless I was regularly indentured, and agreed to serve my full time with him. I had been taught to draw by my father, and Sawblock asked if I had ever modelled. Yes, I had a little, making rude figures of animals. The sight of these determined the stone-cutter in my favor, for with a keen eye to profit, he saw that my talent for design and moulding would be of advantage to him. Sawblock’s heart was as hard as the marble he worked, while for art he cared nothing beyond the profit it brought him. A stone-cutter, his chief labor was in grave-stones and monuments. This melancholy work may have given him his gloomy tinge; but I never received from him one kind word, though many a buffet. I was to receive nothing but a knowledge of his trade; and after a certain period, a part of my time in the week was to be at my disposal, that I might earn a little money for myself. Hard was my toil, thankless my task; but I had a mother who never tired of learning my progress and soothing me, while she encouraged. ‘Work on, work on,’ she would urge, ‘and a bright day will come at last.’ And ever as she said it, I did work on with renewed hope; but with never a word of grace from my harsh master. Once only did he ask regarding my mother’s health; when I told him that I feared she was dying by

inches, 'Why do n't she die at once, and be done with it?' he answered brutally, then asked, 'Do you know where you're going when she's dead?' 'No,' I replied; 'may God help me.' 'You're to live at my house,' he said; 'so I hope you're satisfied. Now stop your blubbering and get along about your business.'

'One day, as I learned, a gentleman came in and ordered a gravestone, with a rose to be carved upon it; he left a drawing of the flower, which was to be exactly imitated. To me was assigned the task, for I was already employed on the finest work, and I at once saw that the pattern was rude and stiff. I substituted another, gracefully drawn, and followed it. When finished, the gentleman came to look at it, and remarked to old Sawblock, who had not seen it before, that it was not after the pattern he had left, but was much better, and must have occupied a longer time. He was very much pleased; but when he had gone, Sawblock cursed and beat me, for using time which brought him no additional profit. As I went homeward that night, I wept bitterly at my hard fate, heedless of all in the street, until I was stopped by a kind voice, asking my trouble. It was the gentleman for whom I had worked. I at once told him my story, and he bade me stop crying, saying that he would aid me. He gave me ten dollars, a larger sum than I had ever seen, or hoped to own in my life; but he said I had fairly earned it, and that I showed a most decided talent for sculpture. That first of my gains, and those kind words, seemed to fall upon me from heaven itself. Doris, that friend sits beside you: for me you can never thank him too deeply.'

Doris turned her glowing face upon the Major, who fidgeted in his arm-chair.

Temple continued: 'After leaving my address with the Major, who promised to call the next day, I hurried with his gift to my mother, who looked more worn and tired than usual. My fortune seemed immense, and I cried: 'Now you shall work no more, and you shall have a new dress, and you shall drive out, and I will buy you some nice grapes and every thing.' She smiled faintly as she took the gift to lay it aside for me, and thanked God that I had found a friend. 'The day has indeed dawned at last,' she said, 'but do not despair if you wait long yet for the coming sun.' That night I was roused from a happy dream and called to her bed-side; she was dying. 'God has raised up for you a protector, I know and feel it,' she murmured; 'and though I go, you will not be left alone. Be true to him, to yourself, and to my memory.' The morning found me desolate; and when my friend came to that stricken home, I was nearly bereft of reason. Of some days I recall nothing. Tell me now, Major, was it not to you alone that my poor mother was indebted for a decent grave?'

Major Grumbo's eyes were tearful; he simply nodded his head and said nothing.

‘It will be one of my life-long regrets that she never knew you. I pass over my unhappy life with Sawblock, a mere record of trials and struggles, but perhaps the appointed path to success, and the discipline that thoroughly determined me to the profession of a sculptor. You aided me constantly, gave me chances of studying to better advantage, introduced me to those who loved art and had collected paintings and statues. I am thankful that I was enabled by work for you and others, to repay the expenses I incurred at that time. At length you entered my cheerless room, as I was modelling a design for my mother’s memory, the angel receiving her spirit to bear it aloft. You declared at once that I must no longer toil for my sordid master; you bought my time from him, loaned me money for the purchase of marble into which I chiselled my design, and finally when I was eighteen sent me to Europe. From that date in my story I have told Doris all, and I will be brief in unfolding this portion of my life to you, Major, for you must already be anxious to learn of tangible results, of deeds, not words.

‘Until I visited the Eternal City, I may truly say that I never despaired of my art; but when I trod the streets of Rome, and entered its mighty galleries and looked upon its immense collections of priceless and perfect works, many of them the labor of men whose very names had perished, then indeed my heart died within me. When I paced the pavement of St. Peter’s, and gazed upon its long-drawn aisles of wondrous architecture, its mosaics and monuments, and then turned my glance aloft into the stupendous dome, which the genius of Michael Angelo suspended in air, I cowered and shrunk away. I hid myself near an angle of one of the papal tombs, and a sense of utter nothingness fell upon me. What was I in the midst of that mighty temple, consecrated to the sublimest glories of art? what could I hope to effect in comparison more than the solitary spider which wove its web unseen upon the wall? And as I mused amidst the ancient monuments of Rome, the Colosseum, the triumphal arches, the enormous baths and temples, ruined, ruined all, they seemed to counsel me: ‘Hope not, young dreamer; learn of us, sole witnesses of former grandeur, the vanity of human purposes.’ Yet I had left home full of eager trust, panting but for opportunity, and now was borne down by gloom. I began my toil, resolved for a great struggle, and often as I emerged from my studio after a long day’s labor, I was comforted as I thought that my mother’s spirit was watching over me, and I again heard her words: ‘Work on, work on.’

‘Then a resolution seized upon me; I know it was wrong now, but at the time I thought differently. I completed the two or three little orders I brought with me, and determined not to look homeward again for assistance; I would not even write to my friends until I had

achieved such success as to place me beyond dependence; it was my pride, my stubborn pride alone, Major, which kept me so long silent, though at the very time I knew you would judge far otherwise. If I fail, I said, I will die here, and make no sign; if forced to return to America, I will hide my shame from every eye which knew me of old. I kept my purpose. I toiled on, but by degrees my money became exhausted, and want at last stared me in the face. I must either return to resume my old trade, or die of starvation in Rome. I had yet sufficient money to transport me to America, and on the evening before my intended departure I ascended the Pincian Hill to take one farewell look at the Eternal City, and tears, bitterer than any shed since I was beaten in my boyhood, burned upon my cheek as I for the last time surveyed its solemn grandeur. But I was not destined for such sudden abandonment of my pursuit. I again, as in your case, Sir, long ago, heard a soothing voice, and turned to find that I was accosted by a priest whom I had one day befriended on the Campagna. He had been suddenly overcome by the heat, and I bathed his temples with water from my flask, and attended to his wants under the shadow of some ruins until he revived. He had given me his address, and asked me to come and see him, but I had never gone. Now in turn he aided me. He begged me not to leave Rome without one more trial, and prevailed with me. He was of a noble family, rich and influential, and he at once named me to some Roman gentlemen, who gave me work to do, and once more placed me beyond want. The noble Abbate was an accomplished antiquarian, especially in coins, and his collection was very fine. He took pleasure in instructing me in numismatics, and one day while I was exploring the Bath of Caracalla I found by mere accident a coin of that Emperor's reign. Before I could show it to the good priest, I met an English gentleman whom two vagabonds were trying to cheat with spurious coins. He asked my opinion, and was much pleased, first, when I spoke English, and next, when I explained my doubts of the worthless copper, while I then showed him the fine specimen I had lately found. He said he would be glad to buy it could he learn its value from a friend, and named the Abbate. I begged him to retain it until he could do so, and refused his offer of a pledge, saying that I could trust him, for he had a noble and honest look, and I felt that he was a true gentleman.

The next morning I heard a knock at my studio-door, and on opening it, I saw him with the Abbate. He was then formally introduced to me as the Duke of D —, whose name I had often heard connected with the splendid art-treasures of his Palace of the Peak. He now came to offer me the full value of my coin, which proved to be a very fine one, and further, to give me an order for a work in marble. He looked around my work-shop, and was greatly pleased with an ideal

female bust in which I had endeavored to express the sentiment of gratitude, styling it *Gratitudine*, and asked if he could have it. I told him that I would make another, but that that, the first of my marble busts, was especially designed for my earliest friend, and that I could not part with it. He commended me, and then ordered another subject. From that hour I prospered; the Duke's acknowledged judgment in art brought to me a multitude of orders, and the bright day in full sunshine came at last. Four months since I left Italy to visit my former friends, and explain in person my long, strange silence, but on my arrival in Philadelphia I had much to attend to for artist-friends abroad, and could not visit you until I had leisure. Now my dear old friend you know my story, and I beg you to forgive me. Doris shall tell you how I met her in Philadelphia, whence we came to-day. Here, Major,' added Temple, placing a parcel on the table, 'is the money you lent me so long ago, five hundred dollars then, one thousand now, which I fully owe you, and here,' he said, rising and passing into the next room, which Major Grumbo had not glanced into, 'is my gift to you, my ideal of *Gratitudine*.' He removed the veil as he spoke, from the exquisite ideal bust, which had been placed in the room just before the Major had returned.

'Charles,' said the Major, 'I honor you, although I do not excuse your silence. I should have been too glad to aid you, even if you could never repay me, but your singular conduct had an evil influence on me, in connection with another matter of which I must tell you myself, for I fear that Doris will scarce feel able to do so.'

'No, indeed I cannot, Sir,' said Doris, 'but must it be told in truth?'

'Yes, for you must have no secrets from your husband.'

'Stay,' said the beautiful bride. 'He has told us, and gladly have I heard his early trials, for now I can reverence you even more than I did when you tore me from my insulter's arms. I will tell him that portion of my short story, and will ask your aid when I hesitate. But first, say what was the evil influence produced upon you by Charles's conduct and mine, for my heart aches at the bare thought of it.'

'It made me morose, selfish, and solitary. I ceased to believe in human gratitude, when I should have known better, but from this hour forth my thoughts will run in their old channels, and when I believe myself unjustly treated, this lovely bust will reassure me in the hope that time will convince me of my error, and that thankfulness will assume tangible shape. Now Doris, your secret.'

'Tis none,' she answered; 'mother knows all, and Charles nearly all; how you helped my father, the locksmith, and when he showed you some of my designs for the embroidery on which I worked at the milliner's, you urged him to give me some position where my taste for

drawing could find better play. But I have never told Charles that while at this milliner's you saved me from ruin, from the wicked design of one in your employ, whom I then loved so madly. That you discovered and thwarted his intentions of a false marriage, for I believed his purpose honorable, a plot in which his accomplice would have acted the part of clergyman, and the vile woman, the milliner, of witness. You disclosed all to my father, and I was saved; your clerk discharged; while I for years sorrowed over my bitter deception. I was indeed most grateful to you, but you found that I ——'

'That you could not love me, Doris, you mean.'

'No, not as I ought, to marry you, for my nature forbade me to bestow my hand unless I could love a husband with my whole soul.'

'I know it, Doris, and I was foolish enough to believe that an ugly bachelor of forty could win the heart of a beautiful girl of seventeen. It was silly, but let it pass now.'

'It was not silly, my honored protector, and it gave me many a pang to think that I could not return it as you deserved. You know, too, that my station in life was far different from yours.'

'But that was nothing to me. Your education was excellent.'

'It was much to me, although not the bar to wedded love. You will forgive me now, another's wife, and let me conclude my simple tale. Before my father's death we removed to Philadelphia, where I was soon induced to follow the art of lithography, which I learned thoroughly, and have derived from it abundant support for mother and myself. Three months ago a visitor came to our establishment, and seemed to be pleased, so my employer said, with some figures I had drawn for him. He wished to see the workman especially, to give exact directions for another set of drawings, and I thus met Charles.'

'And you married him,' said the Major.

'Yes, with his consent,' replied Doris, smiling. 'Now in turn permit me to offer you some specimens of my skill,' and she spread before Major Grumbo a series of beautiful lithographs, the work of her own pencil.

'Doris, your hand,' said the Major; 'Charles, yours; they have been already joined, but I reunite them, for you know I am a Justice of the Peace, and marry sometimes. I rejoice that both have found such helpmeets, for you are worthy of each other.'

'You said that you were morose, selfish and solitary; you never were formerly, nor do I believe it now,' said Doris. 'But if so, act thus no more, it is foreign to your nature. Change again, will you not, for Charles's sake and mine?'

'I will try,' said Major Grumbo; and as he held the hand which the lovely woman extended to him, a casual observer might perhaps

imagine that a deeper feeling than friendship still held its sway over him. Doris was, as he observed, almost too beautiful. Hers was not that lofty intellectual nor spiritual face which appeals to the cultured few, but her beauty if of the earth earthy, was of its most delicious type. It was thoroughly luxurious yet pure; her waist full, but superbly rounded, set off to the best advantage the outline of her abundant bosom, while her whole frame seemed to glow with the excitement of perfect health and spirited blood. Her dark brown hair swept in heavy masses from a Grecian brow, beneath which large soft gray eyes beamed with soul-born light. But in her glowing cheek, in a nameless mischievous expression which played about her delicate nostrils, and in her full luscious lips, that looked brimful of kisses, one read a spirit which, unrestrained by high principle, as was hers, would fascinate to destroy.

‘For my part,’ said the widow Marguerite Ritter, ‘I have little to say. This key, Major, I now give up to you. You remember that at the time you rescued Doris, my husband had engaged to make you a new lock and key for your front door, and that being fond of his art he was always inventing something new in it. When he finished the lock, he made two keys for it, so contrived that either would open it, or the two combined in one. He showed it to you, and asked as a favor that he might retain one of the keys, promising never to use it unless he could do you a service. You indulged his whim, as you deemed it, and he kept his word. Your clerk laid a plan to rob, and probably to murder you, and bribed one of my husband’s shop-boys to make a key to fit your lock. The boy honestly told his master, who gave him for the villain a skeleton-key which would open the door but could not relock it. With this he entered the house in your absence, tried to fasten himself in, but finding that he could not, boldly proceeded to rob your plate-chest. Meanwhile my husband had warned you, and passing unheard into the house, fastened the door and concealed himself. The robber came down-stairs with his booty, and uttered exclamations of terror at finding the door fast. He heard your key turn in the wards; and as agreed between you, my husband, waiting until the door was pushed ajar, when the thief had raised a bludgeon to bring you down, rushed upon him and held him helpless in his iron grasp. Before my husband died he gave me this key, to use if I could ever bring you good and unexpected news, and then to give it up. I have brought you Charles Temple, so that it has fulfilled its office. See, I join the two,’ and the widow united them instantly by the ingenious springs attached to them. ‘Now never more let them be severed, unless you should give one to your future wife, though I know not who she may be.’

'Perhaps I do,' thought the Major. 'Now tell me,' said he, aloud, 'how you found me.'

'We went,' replied Temple, 'to my old friend, Mr. Multiply's, to be married, for I wished to show you at once my stone ideal and my living wife. We found that he with all his family had gone out to tea with Miss Higgins, and in her presence we were united. She said that Mr. Multiply's friends were preparing for him a surprise-party on his return home, and telling her briefly our story, we added that we also designed one for you. Miss Higgins replied that we owed you much more, that our debt was life-long honor. Now will you go with us to the good minister's house?'

'On one condition,' said the Major.

'Name it.'

'That this money, this thousand dollars, is accepted by Doris for my gift upon her marriage. I cannot retain it; you have already paid me a hundred-fold.'

'God bless you, my first and latest benefactor, who shall say that you are not the most generous of friends?'

'And the best of men,' said Doris, sobbing.

Major Grumbo kept the party waiting for a few moments, while he went down into the cellar to select a dozen bottles of Commodore Crusty's finest Port, which he placed in a basket, and all then set off for the minister's. The Major offered his arm to the widow, while Temple and Doris followed with hearts too full to speak. Mr. Rhubarb, the saturnine apothecary, seeing the Major pass by with a basket-load of bottles, imagined that there must be a double arrival at his sister's house, requiring the aid of another doctor and two additional nurses, and consequently kept up a full blaze of gas for an hour after midnight, in wild hope of profitable prescriptions. The door of the parsonage was opened by Mr. Halo. 'I knew you'd come, I said so,' shrieked the delighted little man.

How the minister laughed, and his wife cried, how the Major smiled, and Miss Higgins blushed, must be left to the reader's imagination. Suffice it to say that within three months Miss Mehitable Higgins was Mrs. Major Grumbo. From Miss Higgins' age (most delicate subject) only one juvenile Grumbo appeared, so that his father's horror of a large family was not realized, and he felt that as far as he himself was concerned, he could dispense with Malthus.

With his beautiful wife, and her mother, Temple soon returned to Rome, where he won new laurels as an American sculptor. Major Grumbo became a domestic man, gave up his post of recording secretary, and retired altogether from the association, to the inexpressible grief of its ancient and honorable fogies.

THE ALL-LIFE.

I.

The joy that streams o'er summer seas
When sunshine trembles wide and bright;
The peace that sleeps on shadowy leas
When moonbeams fill and flood the night;
The splendor brightening up the skies
When morn puts on her rainbow vest;
The bliss that throbs where sunset dies,
Melting in glory down the west:

II.

The voices whispering soft and low
Along the pine-tree's boughs at eve;
The mournful dirges, grand, and slow,
Where autumn winds unrestful grieve;
All joys that come through eye or ear,
And touch this rapt, responsive soul,
Speak God and Heaven around and near,
To lift us to their high control.

III.

This universal frame is quick
With all the life that lives above,
And deep pulsations, swift and thick,
Like those that thrill the breast of love,
Come stealing on through all we know,
Through all that warms our contact here,
Until we feel the heart-beats flow
From one same life through every sphere.

IV.

O life supreme! O heart divine!
Beating all being's pulse forever,
Tune all my heart to beat with thine,
And jar again in discord never:
Then I no more, but thou, shalt live
Through all the breadth of my existence,
Fill, fed by life that thou dost give,
I live, in thee, my whole subsistence.

THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. P. KING.

‘Do you deny this, too, Nelly? Did you ever doubt that his heart is in the right place?’

‘In Claudia’s keeping?’

‘Do n’t repeat this nonsense. I do not believe it. He could not bear Claudia; she did not like him. How has it come about? How could it?’

‘Shall I tell you all that I know, mamma?’

‘Yes.’

‘Since the spring,’ Helen began, and her voice was so sad and so weary, ‘I saw that my dream was over. Our life, when together, was like an incessant struggle to mingle two opposing elements. Nothing that I did pleased him, every thing that I said annoyed him. I could not be always patient; even if I were, he seemed to take it as a tacit reproof to himself, and to resent it in that view. Each day matters grew worse. I had no longer the power to interest him; he chafed under the restraint which papa’s wishes placed upon us; he was unjust and querulous. His lawsuit was decided against him; he had to set to work in right earnest; we were going to be poor, after all. The prospect was not gay—at this time, that is, in June, you know, Uncle Leslie had that sudden turn of fortune—those western lands which became so immensely valuable, and from a well-to-do planter, he was elevated into a very rich man. Mrs. Percival fell ill; Claudia went to help nurse her. I was there constantly too, and I noticed then a change in their manner to each other. I think Claudia has always cared for him. I think she liked him before he ever thought that he was in love with me. His sister saw more, however, than I did; she hinted to me something of the sort. I jested him about it, and he seemed only angry. We went to the Island, and they remained in town together. I hope she loves him, for she left no means untried to win him. Two months since he went to New-York; we parted without anger, without coolness, without affection; he returned a week ago. I met him accidentally in the street, shopping with Claudia. I had not known of his return. She came up to me; he followed and shook hands, calmly; all the old feeling rushed upon me so strongly that—I blush to think of it—the tears came to my eyes, and I said: ‘Why do I meet you here, Harry, for the first time?’ ‘Have you desired to see me?’ he said. ‘Can you doubt it?’ I asked. He looked

gravely at me. Claudia called to him, and nodded to me, and he raised his hat and joined her.'

'That was the day you returned from the city with such a headache, my poor dear Nell.'

'Yes, mamma.'

Her mother laid the girl's head softly upon her shoulder. 'Well, he called that very evening, I remember; did he not?'

'He did.'

'And you received him kindly?'

'No. I was not able to say very kind things. I am not an angel, mamma, and he had tried me too far; but, you recollect, perhaps, that I wrote him a note the next morning, for I asked your leave to send it. What I said, you will gather from this reply which I received but yesterday.'

Helen drew a letter from her pocket, and her mother read:

'I HAVE received your note. For the kind words in which you convey the very kind feelings you entertain for me, how shall I thank you? how express my own appreciation of them, and my respect? I beg you to believe that I had no wish nor intention to wound you last Friday when we met. Nothing could give me more pain or mortification than to be the cause, carelessly or unnecessarily, of inflicting the same upon you. Yet, for this very reason, perhaps it is best that we should not be alone together again; our last interview was infinitely distressing to me. Why add to the misfortune of our position? I have loved you very deeply and sincerely. Indeed, life can give me nothing like the past. The whole freshness and power of my heart have been yours, and yet while I thank you on my knees for the happiness which our long engagement has brought me, I feel that neither of us can further endure its attendant evils. We are unsuited, Helen, for each other. You have not the temper to mate with mine; and in the life before us, a life of privations and comparative poverty, how absolutely necessary it would be that we should possess that unity of spirit which will alone make any marriage tolerable. I have long felt that this day must come, that the hour of parting was at hand. It is bitter, but better so. You cannot but have seen that my love was no longer what it has been. I have for you still the warmest interest, the sincerest friendship, but I feel that it is due to you, as well as to myself, that I should at once and forever put an end to all uncertainty on a subject so vitally important to us both. Forgive and forget me. I can never feel otherwise than as a friend to you. I would die to serve you. I respect and honor your sincerity, your faithfulness, but every thing is against us, in ourselves and in our circumstances. Your father's animosity, our uncongeniality—a thousand things. I ought

to say one word more — rumor will tell you of it. I am conditionally engaged to your cousin — to Claudia Leslie. You must have seen it. I have not for her the wild passion that I had for you; but I feel assured that we will mutually endeavor to make each other's happiness. I long misunderstood her. Even her actions toward you find their excuse where they truly lay — a jealousy of you and love for me, which she vainly tried to conquer.

'God bless you, Helen — mine no longer, but ever dear to me. In some future time, when the hey-day of youth has passed for both of us, you will thank me for the wisdom which has dictated this step. You will marry, you will be happy, happy as your kind heart deserves to be; happier than you would ever have been with one, who now signs himself

'Your friend always,

HENRY TREVOR.'

Mrs. Latimer's face flushed as she read this letter. She was evidently laboring under conflicting feelings, but her better nature prevailed; she drew her daughter close to her, and without speaking, looked earnestly and affectionately at her. Helen kissed her mother's withered hand, and laid it on her burning forehead.

Presently the good lady said: 'I do n't reproach you, my dear. I do n't abuse him. It is the will of Heaven, I suppose, and I must be resigned to it. I can do nothing. Poor Harry! he has been drawn on, inveigled, deceived!'

Helen raised her eyes imploringly. The blow was hard to stand; the evil was deep-rooted. Even here, on her mother's breast, there was no comfort. All she must expect was forbearance, not sympathy. She took up the letter and scrutinized it, as if there were cabalistic signs upon its envelope, frowned slightly, examined the seal — it was a comic seal, a Paul Pry with the worn-out device, 'I hope I do n't intrude.' Her lips partially curled with scorn. Was this trivial, common seal used from inadvertence, or was it intentionally, pointedly and impertinently chosen? What did it matter? There was a bright fire in the chimney, she went to it calmly, threw in the fatal letter, saw it ignite, flame, burn out, and the blackened fragments curled over and over, and then disappeared. She drew a ring from her finger; it was nearly three years since Harry Trevor placed it so proudly and so tenderly there — it followed the letter; a moment, the diamond flashed in the blaze, and then it sank out of sight, in a bed of coal and ashes.

Her face was stern and yet excited, when this deed was done; she thought of Lucy Snowe burying her precious letters in the *allée défendue* of that famous Brussels garden; truly had she 'closed the eyes of *her* dead, straightened its rigid limbs, and drawn the white

sheet of oblivion over the pale corpse.' There was nothing as original in her act, but the feeling was alike, the motive the same — to be rid forever of mute testimonials, that could but bring biting memories. She thought of other women in history, in romance, in real life, who had suffered like herself. She repassed in her mind all the circumstances of her own case, as if it were some stranger's that interested her, and, idly, the while, gazed into the fire and drummed upon the chimney-piece.

'Nelly, darling,' her mother said.

She started and turned.

'Have you told your papa?'

'No; will you tell him?'

'If you desire it. Any thing that can help you, or please you! Won't you lie down now and go to sleep, my little daughter; you look badly. But, how glad I am that you take this so quietly. I believe I feel it more than you. Try and forgive him, therefore; he has been honest, at least he has told you at once of his infatuation, his folly. Ah me! youth is hasty, unstable, easily led — Claudia is so clever. He is so honest, depend upon it, he suffers terribly, but felt that he must not in the smallest way deceive you.'

'Mamma!' Helen said, 'spare me. I see now what I ought long since to have seen. Like Richard of Gloucester, he 'thought women had tender hearts, but mine was tough,' and it has taken much 'straining to crack it.' My only crime, like the Lady Anne's, has been 'to outlive his liking.' You and papa shall not blush for your daughter. Spare me. Let this subject be a sealed one between us. I am a woman now, twenty-one, not a mere girl; I must show a woman's strength, a woman's forced hypocrisy. I understand your partiality; but I cannot share it. That letter,' she shuddered slightly, 'has been the caustic to sear, scarify, cure, but not in a moment. The pain is vivid, recent, severe, but wholesome. Do n't weep, dear mamma; kiss me, love me. Where is papa? Will you tell him what you know, and ask him never to say, 'I told you so.' Will you?'

Mrs. Latimer silently embraced her daughter. Helen's calmness overpowered her; to her simplicity there was something mysterious in the sudden reason and equanimity of her hitherto child-like, buoyant, skittish, careless Nelly. Her eyes had been blind to the change that had been working for months, transforming the girl into a woman.

'I shall lie down for a little while, as you proposed, mamma; for, you know — I see the weather has cleared — I am engaged to take tea with Mrs. St. Clair, and to go with her to the theatre.'

'How can you do it? Nelly, will you stand it? Suppose you meet ——?'

‘It must be done, sooner or later, as well to-day as to-morrow, this week as the next. Do n’t fear for me, dear mamma.’

The mother was gone; reluctantly, lingeringly she left the room: once she turned back as if to say something more, sighed, and shut the door. Listening for her retreating steps, Helen hastily turned the key, drew the bolt; she was alone, alone to give way to a violent burst of tears, broken sobs, passionate exclamations. Wounded in every feeling of her nature, crushed, hopeless. She threw herself on her knees beside her little white bed, and buried her head in its pillows. Where turn for consolation? The mother that loved her could give but a divided and insufficient sympathy — her father had prophesied and looked for this, had warned her of it, and she had not heeded his warning. It was a fearful experience for a young heart, and it was now to be borne unflinchingly and courageously. Helen was not what is called a ‘pious girl;’ she respected religion, practised its forms, but did not look to it as her constant and only friend. Like many and many a creature, it was still to earth she looked for help, when her trials came from earth, and were but repeated in a thousand shapes.

Her little dog, sleeping upon his cushion during all this time, presently woke up, and jumping upon the bed, called her attention by his caresses. She arose, spoke to him, and looking into his watchful, earnest, affectionate eyes, said, sighing: ‘You are faithful still, Frisk, for how long? Till some one gives you a larger breakfast, or a bigger lump of sugar than this?’

She bathed her eyes, and paced the room until she was calmer in mind, weary in limb; slept uneasily for a few seconds, and then prepared for their early dinner. Mr. Latimer was very kind to his daughter, and Mrs. Latimer showed her feelings by having provided a profuse and excellent meal. Helen tried to eat: tried to speak cheerfully — did both very badly; but when she came into the drawing-room to say good-by, before she drove into the city, both father and mother were inwardly surprised at her blooming and brilliant aspect. Her fresh and elegant dress, with its delicate laces and appropriate ornaments, set off the ‘refined loveliness’ which her admirers always dwelt upon — and there was a flush upon her cheek, and a glitter in her eye, which deceived, and ought to have alarmed the parents that fondly inspected her. They only thought her looking singularly and strangely well, and were each silently delighted that she should bear her troubles so bravely.

‘You will not see me till to-morrow, you know, dear people,’ Helen said gayly. ‘Mrs. St. Clair will drive me back in the morning. I wonder that both or either of you can resist what I am going to see, that great actress in ‘The Hunchback!’’

'I should like to see myself in a theatre,' Mrs. Latimer said, laughing; 'why, it's twenty years since I was inside of one.'

'So, like the pope or the cardinal, or who was it, Nell, in the Louvre?—your mamma only considers that the sight for her to see would be herself. Tell us all about it to-morrow, and be off now or you will be driving in the dark presently.'

It was a gala night. Glorious Ellen Kean was the attraction, and the theatre in which she performed was crowded from pit to gallery. Mrs. St. Clair's party entered her box with a great commotion, as usual. Bertha herself was always a rallying-point for opera-glasses and comments. She rather liked it. She had a way of glancing around that showed a nice consciousness that she was looked at, and that she considered herself worth being looked at. One beautiful hand was generally bare; she said she hated gloves, and half a pair must be enough to satisfy etiquette and custom; but some of her friends were inclined to think that if her nails had not been so very pink and oval, her fingers so taper, and the lines so statuesque and graceful, she would have endured both of *Desprè's* *kid glacé à double boutons*, without a murmur.

Helen and herself, with a certain lively Kitty Maxwell, composed the ladies, while six or seven gentlemen of Mrs. St. Clair's set, made up the party. There was a good deal of chat and laughing and settling in their places—some few changes after the first seating—and finally an inspection of the house and its contents. Mrs. St. Clair swept the boxes with her admirable *lorgnette*, and pronounced the assemblage a 'collection of frights,' and 'nobody one knew;' presently she discovered a familiar face, then another, afterward several, and at last admitted that 'every body was there.' Suddenly she glanced uneasily at Helen, who was talking with great animation to Robert Glenn. A party was just entering: a tall, fair, handsome woman, serene as moon-light, with a very quiet and haughty carriage, and large, disdainful eyes; her chaperon was a voluminous lady, all fringes and diamonds, good humor and fuss, cap and false ringlets—Mrs. Leslie and her daughter Claudia.

An antique beau in spectacles placed himself beside the mamma, and Claudia sat between Walter James and Harry Trevor. The one carried her opera-glass, the other her bouquet.

'Does Nelly see them?' thought Mrs. St. Clair. Helen did not look that way at all; but one who knew her as well as Bertha did, could easily detect, by a certain nervous contraction of her lip, that she was aware of their presence.

The curtain rose. The audience of that city where Helen Latimer lived is courteously quiet, if it is uncourteously undemonstrative—so

there was a hush, although Charles Kean's presence was not enthusiastically welcomed, but it did rise into fervor when his matchless wife appeared as 'Julia.' She played as she always does, perfectly; she looked the gentlewoman, and Bertha's attention was irresistibly drawn from Nelly to watch the mimic scene. But she felt and knew that there was a real play performing in that house to-night which out-tanked the one upon the stage; and Ellen Tree, born an actress, did not act her part with stricter attention to rule and criticism than Helen Latimer.

'I should never have come this evening,' thought Bertha, reproachfully. 'Every word of this play tells.' Where was my memory, common-sense, ordinary intellect? What a simpleton I was, to bring dear Nell here.'

The curtain fell, and Helen was tranquil as a lake at midnight with no breath to ruffle it, but she held a fan in her right hand, and whoever had tried to move it, would have seen that no iron grasp was firmer.

'So far, so good,' Mrs. St. Clair was repeating to herself, while she mechanically bowed, smiled, and answered Ben Burgess, who was in full tide of compliment and gossip.

'Is the engagement official?' Mr. Burgess asked.

'Mary Elliott's to Mr. Carlisle? yes, I believe so. I saw Mrs. Elliott this morning with a face as red and radiant as the rising sun; and she told me with a simper and a sigh, that she would 'have to lose Mary soon — no one but a mother could know the grief,' etc., when we all know, whether maids or mothers, that the whole family have been spreading nets for Mr. Carlisle these four blessed years; but it is an age of humbug! What a comprehensive word! what did we do before that dissyllable was invented? Who can recollect? although, did not some body put it in the mouth of Caius Gracchus; therefore, we are to understand that *this* generation at least were born to the use of it;' and so Mrs. St. Clair rattled on, hoping to escape the fatal subject; but, as she paused to take breath, inquiring 'what is the play to-morrow night?' Mr. Burgess answered:

'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' and that keeps us to our subject; for it was not of Miss Elliott's engagement that I spoke, but of Miss Leslie's.'

'Hush!' Bertha interrupted, 'Claudia's cousin, recollect, is present; what an insinuation against Mr. Trevor's motives! Are you coming again to-morrow?'

'Oh! they are not very friendly, any way — but I wish to know the whole truth. Miss Latimer,' leaning over, and stretching his long throat. 'Miss Latimer, may I interrupt you one minute?'

‘Helen, dear, do n’t answer him. They will hiss us presently; the curtain is rising. Be quiet, Mr. Burgess, pray. There goes the prompter’s bell.’

‘Just one word. Is the engagement really one between our friends over there, Miss Leslie and Harry?’

‘Yes,’ Helen said, simply and with a smile. ‘Do n’t they look very happy?’ and she glanced across the house at her cousin, her lover, and her friend—once so dear to her, all three, and now, separated from her by barriers that neither time nor circumstances could ever remove.

If there was ‘intention’ in Mr. Burgess’s question, he failed in his object. A slight color rose to her cheek, and there it gradually deepened. Never had Helen Latimer looked so lovely as that night; never did she so look again! It was the last gleam of her youth and freshness—when ‘the world’ again saw her, they saw a different woman. The light of hope, of girlhood, was quenched forever; but this night it burned with a borrowed lustre, and

‘PLEASURE’S self might envy her
The mirth of her despair.’

Even Bertha St. Clair watched her with amazement and doubt; she almost thought that her ‘dear Nelly’ was after all a heartless little thing, and that her own sympathy was wasted. But such ideas vanished when the play proceeded, and when, while giving her attention to ‘Julia,’ she nevertheless was irresistibly obliged to cast an occasional glance at her friend. ‘Master Walter,’ says to ‘Clifford,’

‘Go to! thou art a boy,
Fit to be trusted with a plaything, not
A woman’s heart. Thou knowest not what it is!’

Such a quick, spasmodic shudder thrilled poor Helen’s frame; yet instantly, as the act here ended, she resumed her lively conversation, and met Bertha’s anxious look with a frank, affectionate reply. ‘But oh!’ Bertha groaned inwardly, ‘if it were only over, and we safe at home!’ She began to think seriously of getting up a fainting-fit on her own account, and so dispersing the party. Never had an evening seemed so long to this little lady; and never had she listened with more dissatisfaction to the meanest performance in her whole life of theatre attendance than she now did to her hitherto worshipped idol, charming Mrs. Kean. Impatiently she turned her *lorgnette* from side to side of the crowded house; it seemed to her that hundreds of eyes were watching Nelly, just as hers did. She was not far wrong in such a supposition.

Curiosity *was* on the alert; ‘society’ *did* suspect that there was a

mysterious change of hands and hearts, and a malicious tongue had jestingly alluded to the ivy leaves in Nelly's blonde ringlets, and had asked, since when the emblem of constancy did duty for the willow-bough of forsaken ladies?

Helen had never been popular; her gay and careless way of talking made her equally feared and disliked. She was called 'sarcastic,' a cheap form of dispraise commonly used by people who have not the faintest idea of what it means or they convey. Therefore, besides the natural pleasure all the world takes in running down its neighbors, a few private animosities were gratified in believing Miss Latimer to be a *bergère délaissée*.

It took all of Mrs. St. Clair's dearly acquired self-control, under which the vivacity, born with her, was constantly striving to break through—it took every atom of it, to hide her emotion now. How she loved Helen for her composure, and pitied her for the suffering which her observation read beneath the ever-increasing loveliness, the frequent laugh, the dimpling smile, the flashing eye, the brilliant repartee!

'Julia' enters, pacing the stage indignantly. 'Master Walter' pretends to sympathize with her anger, and she utters with scorn:

'Why 't will go abroad,
That he has cast me off. That there should live
The man could say so. Or that I should live
To be the leavings of a man!'

The whole house applauded. Helen said criticisingly:

'Very well; but she does not quite enough convey the humiliation of that thought, eh?' This was rapidly spoken, without a trace of personal feeling. Mr. Glenn agreed with her.

'Master Walter' leaves his ward, and 'Julia' exclaims:

— 'Love me?
He never loved me; if he had, he ne'er
Had given me up! Love's not a spider's web,
But fit to mesh a fly—that you can break
By only blowing on 't! He never loved me!
He knows not what love is—or, if he does,
He has not been o'er chary of his peace!
And that he 'll find when I'm another's wife,
Lost!—lost to him forever! Tears again!
Why should I weep for him? Who make their woes,
Deserve them! What have I to do with tears?'

'Beautifully spoken,' said Helen softly. 'What a tone she has!'

'I can enjoy the play in front of me,' thought Mrs. St. Clair, who had caught the whispered words, the careless glance. 'But, to my

mind, there are two great actresses within these walls to-night. She'll stand any thing now.'

And so she did. Helen Latimer played out her rôle steadily, unflinching — no bravado, no unmaidenly display, no effort to seem unconcerned, which only shows the weakness scantily hidden; the most scrutinizing glass in that audience failed to find food for caviling and sneering comment, in the graceful composure, the playful sparkle, the high-bred ease of that broken-hearted, disillusioned, suffering woman!

Bertha turned her attention, during the next entire act, to the betrothed lovers, Harry Trevor and Claudia Leslie. Claudia was all herself. Trevor was ill at ease. He was restless, gloomy, silent. Mrs. St. Clair took a malicious pleasure in catching his eye, and bowing with her little mocking, profound air. Again, when 'Lord Tinsel' says:

'LADY, we come not here to treat of hearts —
But marriage; which, so please you, is with us
A simple joining by the priest, of hands;
A ring's put on; a prayer or two is said;
You're man and wife — and nothing more! For hearts,
We oftener do without, than with them, lady!'

a scarcely perceptible smile curled Bertha's lip, and she shot another glance across the theatre, that found its mark and sank.

The play ended: as they made their way through the crowd, accident brought them in contact with the Leslie party.

Impossible to avoid speaking; Mrs. Leslie nodded good-humoredly to Helen, and seemed perfectly unconscious of any awkward feeling. Helen deliberately put out her little hand and offered it to her aunt and cousin: hesitated but for a second, and then gave it coldly and simply to Harry Trevor. Not a blush, not a tremor; *his* thoughts were not enviable. As a selfish man he regretted the loving slave that he had lost; as a born gentleman, he could not be insensible at this moment, and for this moment, to the dastardly cruelty which he had practised; as a vain man, he saw that his power was over forever, and that the heart he had tortured, trifled with and cast aside, rose proudly superior to his insults. She had a right to despise him; there lived a human soul whose respect he had justly forfeited, and that only revenged itself by a silent and deserved contempt. It galled him; those slight fingers never rested again in his; but, not even his children's loving clasp, nor his wife's condescending pressure, ever effaced the memory of that fleeting touch. On his death-bed, ask him, he may acknowledge it then!

Who so gay as Helen Latimer at the supper-table, presently? Mr.

St. Clair, on whose right she sat, said as he filled her champagne glass to the brim:

‘You are brighter than these sparkles, my pretty neighbor.’

‘Hear! hear!’ cried Bertha, ‘a compliment from the head of the house!’

‘The head of the house? not so,’ replied her lord. ‘If the head holds the tongue, I yield to you, madam.’

Bertha bowed. ‘I propose a toast,’ she said, with her ringing laugh. ‘I have not mentioned this mighty fact before, because I dislike too many repetitions; still, Mr. Pelham has been so flattering to my looks this evening,’ the gentleman in question had not opened his lips, and stared aghast at such an announcement, ‘that I venture to suggest, that on this happy day some few years back, my eyes first looked upon this ‘weary world.’ My birth-day, my friends, the tenth of December.’

‘The tenth of December!’ exclaimed Helen, faintly. Her lips paled, her cheeks grew white, she tried to raise her glass, it slid from her trembling hand, and Mr. St. Clair caught it as it fell.

‘Dear Nelly!’ cried Bertha, springing to her side.

‘It is nothing,’ Nelly said, ‘a little water. Thank you: I drink to your birth-day, Bertha. Let us each make her a gift, a contribution on the spot. Imprimis, I offer this.’

She took a jet bracelet, curiously fashioned, from her white arm and clasped it on Bertha’s, who protested:

‘These good people will consider us in league, Nelly, and call this a *guêt-à-pens*, to bring them innocently here to be fleeced! no, no.’

But the whole party enthusiastically applauded. Kitty Maxwell gave a ruby-mounted seal from her cluster of *breloques*; one gentleman hastily divested himself of his pearl sleeve-buttons; another laid his watch-chain of great enamelled balls on Bertha’s plate; another, with a mischievous smile, held out a locket, (Mrs. St. Clair, *perhaps*, had given it to him herself;) and finally, on the summit of this incongruous little heap of ornamental odds and ends, Mr. St. Clair placed his pocket-book.

‘That’s practical,’ exclaimed Bertha, laughing, as she tossed it up playfully and caught it again on her rosy palm. ‘Who gave this pen-knife? Mr. Pelham? Ah! Mr. Pelham, won’t you respect my superstitions? Allow me.’ And she gravely handed him a crooked pin ‘to break the charm.’

Meanwhile, Helen saw, not the gay scene before her, but a quiet lawn, with its grove of ancient oaks; a rising, half-spent moon; a girl standing in the door-way of her father’s house, with an arm encircling

her waist; impassioned eyes fondly gazing into hers, and a deep voice, trembling as it slowly recites:

‘Mine, to the core of the heart, my beauty !

Mine, mine only, forever mine !’

The tenth of December! the day to be an anniversary, solemnly and sacredly kept so long as their lives lasted !

Miss Maxwell rose to go home; her carriage was waiting — her little brother, too shy to come in, was doubtless getting very tired and very cold, fast asleep in the family coach.

‘One song, Kitty, just one,’ Mrs. St. Clair pleaded.

Miss Maxwell was not averse to displaying her fine contralto voice. She turned to the piano, saying :

‘Here is an old ballad, prettily set, which I have just found. It is new to me, and you know I dote on ‘melancholy music.’ I exhaust any possible sadness of my own in this fashion.’

‘Not to-night; something gay to-night,’ cried Mrs. St. Clair, hastily. But it was too late. Kitty shook her head, and sang :

‘THE dream is past, and with it fled
The hopes that once my passion fed,
And darkly die, ’mid grief and pain,
The joys, which gone, come not again.
My soul, in silence and in tears
Hath cherished now for many years
A love for one who does not know
The thoughts that in my bosom glow.
Oh ! cease my heart. Thy throbbings hide !
Another soon will be his bride,
And Hope’s last faint but cheering ray
Will then forever fade away.

‘They cannot see the silent tear
That falls unchecked when none are near;
Nor do they mark the smothered sigh
That heaves my breast when none are by.
I know my cheek is paler now,
That smiles no longer deck my brow ;
’Tis youth’s decay, ’twill soon begin
To tell the thoughts that burn within.
Then let me nerve my sleeping pride,
And from his gaze my feelings hide.
He *shall* not smile to think that *I*
For love of him would pine and die.’

The rich and tremulous tones died away amidst profound silence.

Kitty struck a few bars plaintively. Bertha cleared her throat, but Helen interrupted her :

‘What a birth-night strain, Kitty! If I were Mrs. St. Clair, I should banish you from three successive suppers. Don’t send us all ‘weeping to our beds.’ Listen to me.’

She swept Miss Maxwell from the piano with a playful gesture, and sang archly, brightly, charmingly :

‘WHERE is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour like this to live —
Full, to the brim, of life’s delights?
Look, look around
This fairy ground,
With love-lights glittering o’er,
While cups that shine
With freight divine,
Go coasting round its shore.

(‘Pass the punch,’ said Bertha, *sotto voce*.)

‘Hope is the dupe of future hours,
Memory lives in those gone by;
Neither can see the moment’s flowers
Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
Wouldst thou, or thou,
Forego what’s *now*,
For all that Hope may say?
No — Joy’s reply,
From every eye,
Is: ‘Live we while we may.’

‘Brava!’ cried every voice. ‘Nothing like Moore, when you wish ‘no more’ of such lugubrious strains as Kitty’s. Kitty, where *do* you find your songs? They are all elegies.’

‘I write them myself,’ said Kitty, mockingly indignant, and taking her leave.

They were all gone; the last lingerer put on his overcoat and lit his segar at the lamp in the entrance-hall, and not one, as he wended his way home, but thought with admiration of the sparkling grace and animated countenance of ‘sweet Nelly Latimer.’

It was her ‘moment of success,’ often remarked upon afterward, often recalled.

Bertha followed her friend to her room. The smile had faded from Helen’s face; she looked worn and weary.

‘Darling,’ Bertha said caressingly, ‘are you quite well?’

‘My head aches a little, not much.’ She gave her hand to Mrs. St. Clair; it was burning.

'You have overtaken yourself.'

'Yes.'

'Let me prescribe for you.'

'No drugs, no mixtures, Bertha. They are useless. Talk to me a little.'

'May I venture ——'

'Any thing. Say what you choose.'

'Nelly, would that you could feel as I do, that this loss is your gain. That after a very little while you will be happier than you could ever have been — that he was utterly unworthy ——'

'Hush!' she laid her hand on Bertha's lips. 'That is too commonplace for you to say. Listen to what I feel; we can neither of us add to it, nor take away from it. I do n't mourn the lover, I mourn the love, the faith, the illusion. I mourn my wasted feelings, poured out so lavishly, that I have but the dregs remaining. Some one says that there is no 'wasted love,' it but grows as you need it. It is a divine gift, like the few drops of oil in the widow's cruse, which increased only because she used it: without faith it would never have been but the few drops. I do n't feel this. I shall not 'pine away and die,' like the heroine of Kitty's crooning ditty, but I shall never be 'myself' again, dear Bertha. This blow is not sudden; it came slowly, gradually, overwhelmingly — long withheld, but long since certain. I tell you with the truth of Truth herself, that I would not have this otherwise, and that it has destroyed my youth and the whole brightness of my life. You understand me. Let us never speak of it again.' Then smiling feebly, she added: 'I am the widow of a sentiment, not a husband; but my weeds shall be to the world bright enough to dazzle them, and my cap nothing less than a garland of roses. Good-night.'

Warmly she embraced Bertha, and gently turned away. Mrs. St. Clair sighed and left her.

It was the last page of the ms.; Mrs. Sutherland laid it down upon the desk, and placed her hand upon it.

Presently she looked up; Olivia's eyes were moist, and tenderly fixed upon her.

'The tale is told,' Mrs. Sutherland said.

'No. What has become of Helen? Did she marry? Where is she now?'

'Did she marry?' repeated Sylvia evasively; 'why do we always conclude that a woman must or does marry? What do you think? conjecture? *did* she marry? Ought she to have married?'

'Why not, pray? You would not have her live as an eternal mon-

ument to the glory of Mr. Trevor? giving his selfishness the satisfaction of thinking that he was everlastingly remembered — that he still exercised a fatal influence over the life and happiness of ——’

‘I set considerations for him entirely aside,’ Mrs. Sutherland interrupted, ‘but for her own sake; should she, as a matter of prudence, of delicacy, of fidelity to the sentiment itself, should she ever have fancied her affections engaged, or bestowed the worthless *débris* of her heart ——’

‘Nonsense!’ broke in Olivia, shrugging her shoulders. ‘Her heart ought not to have been broken, and if it were, as some writer says, even the fragments of such a heart should be carefully gathered up; as scraps, they are more valuable than most others still intact. But, I guess your intention,’ she added gently. ‘You wish me to commit myself by criticism on your—friend. Tell me the rest of Helen’s life, won’t you?’

Mrs. Sutherland could not resist smiling.

‘There is a letter which is a sort of a supplement to these sketches; since you are so flatteringly importunate, I will read it to you. It is from Helen to Mrs. St. Clair. The latter had been abroad for some time. Here it is, and I warn you that it is very long.’

‘Yes, dear Bertha, the news you have heard is true. I *am* about to be married; more than that, to-morrow is my wedding-day. You will naturally wonder why you should be the last to learn a matter so important; it is because I know beforehand all that you will urge, and think, and say against my choice; consequently, I have spared us both unnecessary waste of paper, pondering and parley. And I proceed to do to-day what I have always intended — devote my last single hours to you — and would have done it without your eloquent appeal, and still do it, in spite of your little outbreak of indignation. Ever the same, dearest Bertha, so quick to fancy that you are wronged! But I forgive your petulance, thinking how furious you will be, that I should dare forgive, when it is I who stand in need of pardon myself.

‘To explain my position and reasons, let us go back four years, to that tenth of December when we saw Ellen Tree in the ‘Hunchback,’ and afterward, at supper, Kitty Maxwell sang us that song. The next morning, as you well remember, instead of driving me back to Oakland, your carriage was sent for poor mamma, who arrived to find me very, very ill. My only wish was, that no one should know it, and I believe few ever suspected that my subsequent visit to New-York was to recruit after this slow, wearing fever, more of the mind than of the body, and from which I arose like a skeleton.

‘Kind as ever, you took me away, and I rallied amidst the sunshine

of that gay city, and returned some months after, well and strong; but I never recovered my elasticity of spirits nor my bloom. What mattered those two losses, since I became a greater belle than ever, (excuse the vanity of such a disclosure; there is no feigned modesty between us,) and my court increased each day. Singular, was it not? While anxious to please, I never had been appreciated as I now was, when, indifferent and bitter, I welcomed every new aspirant for my smiles with ill-concealed carelessness.

‘I had several proposals, very good ones the world said, and mamma was evidently anxious that I should marry; but I was inexorable; and she had, dear soul, the distress of seeing me mount those fatal, flowery steps, which lead from twenty-one to thirty, without, seemingly, an idea of avoiding that rock of old-maidism so terrible to the eyes of many excellent people.

‘Her life was further embittered by the event which had likewise blighted mine, only we received it very differently. She could not help showing me that the — that — pshaw! Henry Trevor’s marriage was still, would ever be, the great disappointment of her calm existence. She never could see that no power of mine could have prevented it; she loved me dearly, she was very good, but felt herself ill-used. Dear mamma! I dreaded Aunt Leslie’s visits!

‘*They* had married, and had moved to New-Orleans before our return from New-York, you know — fortune favored them — speculations never failed; they were and are very rich. Aunt Leslie is justly proud and delighted; she heard frequently from her daughter, and could not resist speaking to mamma of Claudia’s balls, and Claudia’s child, and Claudia’s wit, and Claudia’s state of glory and grandeur. Sometimes she would check herself in mid career, and glance at me, which only made mamma more angry and uneasy. As soon as Aunt Leslie’s portly figure had driven off, I would hear such a sigh from my poor mother, and a muttered, ‘And all this Helen has thrown away.’

‘It made me think of your story about the Melvilles, when you went to see them at Philadelphia, and found them full of the good fortune and splendor of a certain Mr. Drummond, a rejected suitor of their penniless niece, Lucinda; and who, having since married some wealthy man’s daughter, and living very grandly, caused them constantly to exclaim: ‘What a position this would have been for Lucinda!’ Less dazzled by Mr. Drummond’s horses and houses than themselves, it quickly dawned upon your intelligence that such regrets were rather useless; for, as you immediately remarked: ‘My good friends, had Drummond married Lucinda, when could he have espoused Miss Elsey, and where would he have found his three hundred thousand dollars?’ This easy solution dissolved the spell, and they were quite obliged to you for pointing it out.

‘I might have told this to mamma — but, *à quoi bon?*’

‘As for my father, he was very kind; but he could not and did not regret what had happened. ‘My only mistake,’ he said, the morning after my return to Oaklevel, and I lay like a ghost among the white draperies of my bed, ‘my only mistake was, in ever permitting the intimacy I did not absolutely forbid. I am really grateful to Claudia, my Nelly; she has saved you from a miserable life.’

‘He went to the wedding; he made a handsome present to the bride; he really believed and felt what he said. He treated the bridegroom as he had always done, with cold politeness. Mamma did not go, I heard.

‘My bitter regret, dear Bertha, is, that I long harbored resentment against my father. Alas! before I had quite learned to cease questioning in my inmost heart the justice of his feelings, he died. But he never knew how much I had dared to blame him; and he blessed me, and called me his dear, dutiful little Nelly, and passed away with my name upon his lips, my hand fondly clasped in his.

‘Troubles now came thickly upon my head. As that fifth commandment is ‘the first with promise,’ so, I believe, that my unfilial resentment was visited sorely upon me. Mamma’s health rapidly failed. One night I was aroused by that fearful cry of ‘fire,’ always alarming in a crowded city, where help is near and accessible, but doubly terrible in the country, far from relief or aid. Surrounded only by the frightened servants, one of whom had accidentally discovered our danger, we rescued mamma, carried her to one of the farthest negro-houses, and I stood with folded arms, after every thing had been saved that could be saved, and saw my dear old home burned to the ground; worse, there was a high wind, the oaks were like tinder, sparks fell among them, nine of the finest perished, and many others were hopelessly injured. But this you know.

‘You know that the neighbors came at last with the kindest offers, and it was at Mr. Ellis’, three weeks afterward, that mamma died, and I was left alone in the world! Alone indeed! I have no relatives but the Leslies; mamma was an only child. Your sympathy, dear Bertha, your house, yourself, every thing was pressed upon me. You delayed your European trip, you were eager to take me with you; but my double mourning was still to recent to permit me, even had I wished it, to participate in your schemes of pleasure, and I feared I should prove a check to your gayeties. I promised to join you after a while — six months since was the appointed time — you wrote impatiently, chiding my postponement, when I failed to keep our tryst. Now, I shall explain fully what I merely evaded then. My dear Bertha, I am a beggar.

‘Recover from this shock, and let me go on. Papa made no will, had no debts. Mamma and I just went on as we had always done. I knew we were not rich, but we had always lived comfortably. After her death, I wished to rebuild our house; you opposed it: I was obstinate — considered myself old enough to live as I chose — consented to engage an ancient female distant cousin, good Miss Parsons, to come and ‘watch-dog’ me, (since you and the world thought me still young and pretty enough to attract ‘wolves,’) and you left me, at a private boarding-house, busy with plans and builders’ estimates.

‘My house was finished, a modest residence; and I called in my bills, and the inventory of my fortune. Debts paid — you know my horror of debts — I stand mistress of a brown stone cottage, neatly furnished, some relics of old plate and china, enough acres of land to raise vegetables and flowers, ten venerable domestics, whose united ages would amount to about eight hundred and ninety-nine years, and not one sixpence in any bank, or invested in any further shape.

‘I could begin an Arcadian life as soon as I pleased on carrots and turnips during the winter, and continue this vegetarian diet more extensively during the spring. But summer-time, the working season of the industrious ant, would prove starving days to me. I could not live in the country, and how was I to live at Rutledge-super-Mare?

‘My man-of-business, busy little Mr. Skerit, advised selling Oaklevel at a ‘fancy price.’ Sell Oaklevel! where my dear mother was born, Oaklevel which we have owned since before the Revolution! my eyes flashed so indignantly that the little man started in his chair!

‘I wanted to know how we had always lived during my father’s lifetime? Skerit was vaguely uncertain, and verbosely explanatory. I sent for Mr. Mulgrave, my father’s old friend, yet his junior by fifteen years. He gave his time, which to a distinguished lawyer is very precious, his whole attention, and finally told me that papa was a bad manager, invested badly, each year had decreased his capital; Skerit was ‘honest barely,’ and I, a very poor, forlorn little woman. He did not say it in these words.

‘Unobtrusively he gave sympathy, advice; he would have given, had I permitted it, his income. In a short time he did offer his home, his plantation, his bank-stock, his fame, his name, his heart, himself.

‘He loves me, he has loved me since I was a wee girl. It is an hereditary love. He loved our poor Emily, and has only transferred that unacknowledged passion to me.

‘Do I love him with the love I have loved? No. He knows it. I have faith in his tenderness, gratitude for his affection, esteem for his character, admiration for his admirable qualities, confidence in his truth,

hope for our future. Is this enough to marry upon? I close my eyes, and leave the answer to that future.

‘I have been silent to you, my best Bertha, because of all this. Mr. Mulgrave is so much older than myself, he is no favorite of yours; his gravity, his plain exterior impress you disagreeably. You are a strong advocate for love, love only, in marriage. So am I, if you can feel that love. ‘Then,’ I heard you say, in your pretty, pettish, positive voice, ‘don’t marry at all.’ What can I do, my dear? ‘To dig, I cannot, to beg, I am ashamed.’ You will not believe that I would marry ‘any man, lord’ in this view? You do not believe what all our little world of this little city do, and say, that I am, and ever have been a ‘heartless woman,’ that I wind up my career of selfish conquests and frivolous trifling by making at twenty-five, a marriage of convenience? The world and its sayings! Last week, I was walking behind an unconscious couple who discussed as they went, my engagement. ‘Just like her,’ said one, ‘you know she jilted Harry Trevor to marry Robert Glenn, and after all, Glenn didn’t offer. Served her right.’ ‘Yes,’ said the other ‘Christian,’ ‘and poor Trevor is not the only man whose happiness she has destroyed. Flirt she was, and flirt she will be to the end of the chapter.’

‘I write this name quietly now; without a falter in my pen. What of the state of my heart, my memory, rather, in that quarter? To such a question, I would answer frankly. My heart is like Oaklevel. The fire has passed over it, not a vestige remains of what it was. More, I could as well hope by laying tier upon tier of guano, to see springing up in my lifetime, with all their old vigor, that noble line of beautiful oaks; I could as well hope, by any effort of mine, to feel within my breast, the same wide-spreading, luxuriant, overshadowing freshness of passion and tremulous love, to hear again the wild melody of the birds in the branches, to listen to the wind-voice softly sighing among the leaves.

‘No; scorched and withered, I dug up the very roots of those cherished trees, the friends of my childhood, the dear companions of my girlhood. I struck and spared not! Since their glory was destroyed, let every trace be banished.

‘A smooth green lawn, and clusters of rose-bushes, osier baskets filled with violets, those are what you will see, dearest Bertha, when you visit Helen Mulgrave. The resemblance, the march of circumstances, is still more complete. I can no longer call this place Oaklevel, where oaks are none. ‘My World,’ I have christened it. Know us both under our new names, unchanged to you and yours. What more need I say? What more can I say? I have been sitting for hours, writing all this. I stand upon the threshold of a new life;

some misgivings I have, I don't deny it ; solitary I am ; but for very shame, I would weep now. Away with such feelings. I have the love of an honest heart, what more should I ask, or need ?

'Ever, dearest Bertha, dear and faithful Bertha, faithfully and dearly yours,
NELLY.'

Olivia's hand stole softly into her friend's. There was a profound silence, you could have heard the rain-drops fall from the roof, heavily, one by one.

The wind had risen, it moaned fitfully by gusts, around the northern end of the house. Sylvia went to the same window at which she had been standing hours ago. She put up the sash, threw open the shutter. The storm had passed, clouds slowly sailed across the sky, hurrying out to sea, with stately march. Streaks of faint crimson in the east show the approaching dawn, the lamp within the room burned low and flickering. 'Come here, Olivia ;' she pointed to Mars, the 'red planet Mars,' and winding her arm around Olivia's waist, slowly repeated :

'STAR of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm and self-possessed.

'And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

'Oh ! fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong.'

'To suffer and be strong. I am not strong, Olivia. No concealments now. You know who 'Helen' is. Her life has been a series of mistakes and experiments. May God keep you from the same. If you can extract a wholesome moral from my story, your evening has not been wasted, nor this storm profitless. The morning is close at hand, ring the bell, my child, although we shall probably alarm the poultry-yard by such a sound, at such an hour. Do n't speak to me, now. I read in your eyes, in your expressive face, all that you would say.

The sleepy butler dragged in his weary feet, scarcely comprehending this long night-watching, and staring with winking lids, as his mistress gave her orders.

In a little while, every light was extinguished, and stillness settled, like a veil, over the deep calm of 'Sylvia's World.'

THIRTY PIGEONS IN THIRTY DAYS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

VARIATIONS ON A PARADOX.

If you are a son, your father has said to you : ' Work ; an educated man can attain to any thing.' If you are a father, you have said to your son : ' Study ; a good education is worth a fortune.' Be it so !

On the fifteenth of September, 1837, at eight o'clock in the morning, a post-man entered a house in the Rue Meslay, one of the quietest streets in Paris, although it crosses one of the noisiest quarters in the world, and laying down a letter on the porter's table, said, while stretching out his hand to receive the price of the said letter : ' Monsieur Lebrun ! Three sous.'

' There are your three sous,' said the portress, placing the letter in the box of the tenant to whom it was addressed.

Have you sometimes meditated on the contents of a letter which you could not open, on that paper sphinx, folded square, and which will carry from one point of earth to another the joy, the sorrow, the hope of some one, while remaining silent for those between whose hands it passes before reaching its destination ? Have you appreciated the benefit of a letter ? You have said to yourself, a letter is the momentary approach of distances, it is a shake of the hand across mountains, it is the invisible chain which binds the worlds together. A letter, like Janus, has two faces ; it is a babbler and dumb, contains every thing and says nothing ; it is full of interest, of heart, or of wit, for him or her to whom it is addressed ; it is absurd and unintelligible for a third party who reads it by accident. Take twenty letters at hazard and read them ; one will be a business letter, this a challenge, that an invitation to dinner ; and yet all of them, before being opened, had the same look, were folded in the same way, wore the same seal, that is to say, the same mask. Is it not an image of life ? What different emotions under that envelope which is called man, and which is always the same ! Under that seal which is named the heart, and which does not vary ! Then one day you take the letter which caused you the greatest emotion when you received it, and throw it into the fire ; its characters writhe and grimace for a few moments under the deadly kiss of the flame, and all is over ; not even ashes remain of that burned-up past. So with your heart. One day, when opening it with curiosity, you found in it a name, and were happy ; then this name disappeared, and you became indifferent. But in order to destroy that name, you had no need to burn your heart like a letter ; the name effaced itself, and the written page has

become once more a blank page, yet one which perhaps would fall to dust if you wished again to write something upon it.

On the fifteenth of September, 1837, then, a letter was brought for M. Lebrun, Rue Meslay.

Who was this M. Lebrun, and what did this letter contain? That is the question. M. Lebrun was a corpulent man of about forty-five, who had made a small fortune in linens, had had a wife, and still had a daughter. There you have reasons already for his receiving a letter. M. Lebrun was ugly, but his daughter was pretty; M. Lebrun was stupid, but his daughter was sprightly; lastly, M. Lebrun was selfish, but his daughter had feeling. Accordingly, in spite of all these defects, Mlle. Lebrun led M. Lebrun by the nose, as the vulgar saying is.

When M. Lebrun's servant-maid went down-stairs to go out and make the morning's purchases, the portress gave her the letter which she had just received, and she, on her return, gave it to her master, who was seated before his desk, enveloped in a dressing-gown of a palm-leaf pattern, in imitation of cashmere, and was writing letters, too, in his turn. M. Lebrun had long been in business, as we said just now, and during all that time he had been accustomed to do his own correspondence, and to write from eight in the morning to his correspondents in the provinces and abroad. For four years M. Lebrun had now done no business with any one, but he was convinced that he still did some, and would not have let a morning pass without writing four or five letters at least. What he put in that correspondence none could have told, not even himself; but he wrote, he looked busy, it was all he wanted.

M. Lebrun had even hit upon a phrase on this subject which pleased him, and which he often repeated, accompanying it with his retired-tradesman smile: 'I know very well when I shall die,' he would say. 'When shall you die?' people would ask him. 'I shall die on the eve of the day, when I shall write no more.'

M. Lebrun was at his desk then, and in order to see better what he was writing, he had raised his spectacles upon his forehead; for, as you have doubtless remarked, when a man who wears spectacles wishes to see a thing distinctly, he raises his spectacles half-way up his forehead, or lowers them down to the end of his nose, so as to see above them or below them.

I have noticed this so often, that I have come to believe that it is only people pursued by the police, and who wish to disguise their appearance, who persist in wearing spectacles and ruining their eyes by forcing themselves to look through a glass.

By the merest chance in the world, Julia was at her father's side when the servant brought the letter which the portress had given her.

Of course Julia was the Christian name of Mlle. Lebrun. We say by the merest chance in the world, because usually Julia did not rise before half-past ten, so as to breakfast at eleven. A slight blush, which colored her cheeks when she saw the writing of the letter which her father was going to open, would perhaps have indicated to an observer, had one been present, that this morning's letter was no stranger to the chance which caused Julia to find herself up at eight o'clock.

We said that Julia was charming; we are now going to prove it. She was of the middle height, had black hair and blue eyes, a rose complexion and white teeth, well-rounded shoulders, and a slender figure, well-shaped arms and delicate hands, rounded limbs and a little foot.

O ye kind mysteries of nature or civilization! that give pretty daughters to very ugly fathers, be blessed without discussion and received without inquiry!

'Stay!' said M. Lebrun, trying to make out the address of the letter in question, 'I do n't know that hand-writing.'

And M. Lebrun, throwing himself back into his morocco-covered arm-chair, bit the end of the fore-finger of his right hand, and continued to study the handwriting of the letter.

'Open it, papa; you will soon see from whom it comes,' said Julia, laying her arm on the back of the chair and leaning toward her father with a violent beating at the heart.

'You are right,' said the father; and he undid the seal. We are particular about the word 'undid,' because M. Lebrun belonged to that class of men who, being convinced that every word in a letter is of the highest importance, never tear it open but undo the seal gently, so as to not lose, by too much haste, a single word of the missive, which word might, by its absence, take away from the letter, or at any rate from the sentence out of which it was taken, a part, or even the whole of its meaning.

'Ah! it comes from M. Léon,' said M. Lebrun, going directly to the signature.

'Ah! indeed,' said Julia.

'What can that agreeable young man have to say to me? Let us see.' And M. Lebrun read aloud:

'Sir: you will think my letter very strange, and my request is a very bold one.'

'What a fine hand the fellow writes!' cried M. Lebrun, stopping short; 'what a hand for a book-keeper! Unluckily for him, he is not one. Let us go on.'

'And my request is a very bold one,' M. Lebrun repeated, dwelling on the words. 'But I can no longer resist the desires of my heart,

and if I am to die, I would rather die of your refusal than of suspense.'

'What does that mean?'

'Go on, papa.'

The linen-draper went on reading.

'I love your daughter, and Mlle. Julia, I think, loves me.'

M. Lebrun gave a spring in his chair on reading this sentence.

'He loves you, and you love him!' he cried. 'Have I read right?'

'Yes, papa.'

'So you own it?'

'My mother loved you, and surely I can love M. Léon.'

'It is true; but then I was in business.'

'Well, papa,' Julia replied, with the greatest coolness, 'if that is why my mother loved you, it is for the opposite reason that I love M. Léon.'

'But what does he want?'

'He wants my hand.'

'Upon my word, his request is a bold one. But how do you know that he wants your hand?'

'Because he told me yesterday that he would write and ask you for it.'

'So you were talking to one another in secret?'

'Yes, papa.'

'Often?'

'Very often.'

'Oh!'

'He said he would love me all his life.'

'And you answered him?'

'That I would love him to the end of my days.'

'And when did you talk together in that style?'

'When I was pouring out your tea.'

'And that went on under my eyes?'

'Always.'

'And I saw nothing of it?'

'You could not see any thing, papa; you always had your spectacles on.'

'Very good,' said M. Lebrun, rising and folding up the letter without finishing it, 'very good, Miss; you will go back to boarding-school.'

'What shall I do there?' asked Julia, in a tone which proved that she was not the least in the world afraid of her father's threats, and that she was certain of having the best of the bargain.

'You will stay there till I have found you a husband.'

'Of your own choosing, papa?'

'Of my choosing.'

- ‘Ah! then I won’t marry him.’
‘You won’t marry him?’
‘No, papa.’
‘Because?’
‘Because it will not be M. Léon.’
‘Ah! then you mean to have M. Léon?’
‘Yes, papa.’
‘You won’t have any one else?’
‘No, papa.’
‘And you think I will consent to the match?’
‘Yes, papa.’
‘I shall write word to M. Léon not to set foot in my house again.’
‘Oh! I shall see him all the same.’
‘And where, please?’
‘At my window, and I will write to him.’
‘You’ll write to him! And what will you write to him?’
‘That I love him, that you are a tyrant, and that, when I am of age, I will marry him in spite of you.’
‘And where did you get those fine principles?’
‘I read them.’
‘In what book?’
‘In the Code.’
‘In the Code! Who would ever believe that that tabernacle of the rights of man and of the laws of society contains such things!’
‘Article 227, chapter on the rights of major children.’
‘Do you know what dowry you will have when you marry?’
‘Yes, papa; sixty thousand francs.’
‘I will suppress your dowry.’
‘You cannot. It is my mother’s fortune. When I come of age you will have to give me my accounts. Article 86, chapter on guardianship.’
‘And who told you that all those things were in the Code?’
‘M. Léon; you know that he knows every thing, papa.’
‘And that he has nothing, on the other hand.’
‘No matter, he will make his fortune.’
‘Never.’
‘You have told him so yourself.’
‘I!’
‘You; I have heard you compliment him a score of times on his good education, and add, that with that he was certain of the future. Come, my little papa, sit down again and let us chat.’
M. Lebrun sat down again, and Julia on his knee.
‘You love me dearly, don’t you?’ said the young girl, arranging the knots of her father’s cravat.

‘Yes, and it is only ——’

‘Because you love me that you do n’t want me to marry M. Léon; is n’t that it? Well then, I tell you papa, this marriage must take place.’

‘No; M. Léon has nothing. You cannot be happy if you keep house on three thousand francs a year, even supposing you can get five per cent for your sixty thousand, which is difficult now-a-days; you will not have the hundred and twenty thousand francs, which are my fortune, before my death, and, thank God, I have good health; consequently, you need a husband who will bring you at least what you will bring him, sixty thousand francs.’

‘M. Léon will make them.’

‘Let him make them; we will see about it afterwards.’

‘If you had gone on reading the letter, you would not have got so angry, and we should have understood each other immediately.’

‘Then you know what there is at the end of this letter?’

‘Certainly, for I have a copy of it in my pocket.’

‘Oh! what imps you girls are!’

Monsieur Lebrun took up the letter again.

‘To be the husband of your daughter is the only ambition, the single aim, of my life. But I wish to make her happy, and she can only be so, if she is in a condition to want for nothing, and to be able to satisfy all her wants, all her caprices even. You know how well educated I am, and how many resources education and the arts offer to one who has studied them. Grant me a year. During that year I will set to work, supported by the hope of the result, and at the end of that year, I will come and ask Mlle. Julia of you; for, in that time, if I do not sleep, if I live on bread and water, I shall have laid up fifty thousand francs at least, and that will be a beginning. *Labor omnia vincit Improbus.*’

‘What does that phrase mean?’

‘Stubborn toil triumphs over every thing,’ said Julia.

‘You understand Latin, then?’

‘Yes, papa.’

‘You understand Latin?’

‘Yes; it was M. Léon who taught it me, so that he could correspond with me in a language which you did not understand. But finish reading the letter.’

‘If in a year,’ M. Lebrun continued, who could not get over his daughter’s understanding Latin, ‘I have not succeeded, then, Sir, you can dispose of the hand of Mlle. Julia, and nothing will any longer remain for me, except to die.’

‘Well, what do you say, papa?’

‘It is reasonable enough.’

‘That is good ; so you consent ?’

‘I suppose I must, as you wish it.’

‘In a year you will give M. Léon my hand ?’

‘If in a year M. Léon has made and brings to me fifty thousand francs.’

‘He ’ll make them. So I can announce this good news to him, and tell him to come up and thank you.’

‘What !’

‘He is waiting for your answer, below in the street.’

‘You ’ve seen him there ?’

‘I know he is. He told me yesterday he would be in the street at nine this morning, and there’s nine o’clock striking.’

Julia approached the window, opened it, and moving her finger quickly two or three times in succession towards her eyes, she had thus made the gesture which in all parts of the world means ‘come ;’ and he to whom she had made this gesture, and who leaped with joy on seeing it, rushed into the house.

CHAPTER SECOND.

‘THANK my father,’ said the young girl, pushing Léon towards M. Lebrun ; ‘he accepts your offer.’

‘Many thanks !’ cried Léon, taking the father’s hands.

‘So you really love my daughter ?’

‘With my whole soul, Sir.’

‘And you think you will attain your object.’

‘I am certain of it.’

‘What do you possess already ?’

‘Nothing.’

‘Yet you have a situation ; you have told me so several times.’

‘Yes, Sir ; in the office of the Minister of Finance.’

‘What do you get a month ?’

‘A hundred and thirteen francs seventy-five centimes.’

‘That is not enough.’

‘I am going to leave the situation in consequence.’

‘Take care ! Perhaps you will not make as much as that, with all your education.’

‘Undeceive yourself, Sir. Happily, we live in an age when labor finds its reward.’

‘Still, so far you have only found a hundred and thirteen francs seventy-five centimes, a month.’

‘So far I had not loved, Sir ; and that slight sum sufficed for my simple tastes.’

‘Well, you know a great many things,’ said M. Lebrun, with the admiration of the man who has never known any thing but his own

language; 'just what is needed for selling linen, and all the arithmetic that is necessary for knowing how to make twenty-five or thirty per cent.'

'Yes, Sir; I know a great many things.'

'You speak English?'

'Fluently.'

'German?'

'Like French.'

'Italian?'

'It is at my finger's ends.'

'You know Latin and Greek?'

'Thoroughly; and even Arabic.'

'Arabic! ah! papa,' said Julia, 'that is fine! If you knew Arabic, papa, how pleased you would be!'

'What, Sir, you can read those long, thin, twisted letters, that look like vermicelli?'

'Like a book.'

'You draw, too?'

'Yes; I could make a good copy of a great master. I can do a little in architecture; I am well up in chemistry; I know the universal history and natural history; I have taken my degree. And you think that in a year I shall not get fifty thousand francs out of all that!'

'Fifty thousand francs! It is a great deal of money; but I don't withdraw from my word, and I will keep my promise. Come back on the fifteenth of September, 1838. Still, I would give you my daughter at once if you had the money which your parents have paid to teach you all you know, even if you were an ignoramus.'

'You will wait patiently for a whole year, Julia?' said Léon to the young girl.

'Yes, my friend; I swear to you I will.'

'Very well, Sir; good-by till the fifteenth of September, 1838,' said Léon, retiring, after having pressed the hand of her whom he loved.

'Sir, I have the honor to salute you,' was the reply of Monsieur Lebrun, to whose lips this phrase, which he had repeated for twenty years every time that he had taken leave of a business-friend or a customer, returned unceasingly, marked by a pompous tone and an unmeaning smile.

CHAPTER THIRD.

TEN months and a half after this scene, a pale man, with a long beard and hollow cheeks, almost in rags, was seated in a low, gloomy, and unwholesome room in a bad tavern in London. He had let his head fall on his chest, and held in his left hand a pistol, while with his right he played with the hammer and the trigger. This pale, thin,

ragged man, who had not tasted food for two days, was Léon, who was on the point of blowing out his brains.

A letter lay on the table. This letter bore the name and address of Julia. It contained only these words:

‘I have done every thing to make the sum which your father asked. I am poorer than when I last saw you; and I have not tasted food for two days. When you receive this letter I shall have died thinking of you. A pistol-bullet will have done what hunger would have effected if I had still dared to hope.

‘May you be happy, Julia; this will be my last wish before dying.
LÉON.

‘18th July, 1838.’

Léon read the letter again for the last time and sealed it.

‘Come,’ said he, ‘let us spare ourselves the six weeks which still separate me from the fifteenth of September, 1838;’ and he loaded the pistol which he held in his hand, preparing himself to put it to his forehead; for he who knew every thing, knew that it is at the temple, and not in the mouth, that you must fire a pistol, if you wish certain and instant death.

At the moment that he was about to pull the trigger, his door suddenly opened, giving entrance to a burly man with a pimply face, wearing a cloth waistcoat and a white apron, tucked up on one side. This human mastodon was the keeper of the tavern where Léon lived, if it can be called living.

Léon’s first movement, that movement which one can never control, was, not to pull the trigger, but to withdraw his hand from its position, and to hide his weapon behind his back.

But this movement did not escape the tavern-keeper, who walked up to the young man, and said to him: ‘What are you about there?’ And he drew towards him the hand and the pistol. ‘You were going to blow out your brains?’

Léon made a sign to the affirmative.

‘And the forty shillings you owe me?’

‘I have not got them.’

‘So you not only do n’t pay me, but you are actually going to shoot yourself in my house; that is, you will bring disgrace on my establishment, and leave a dead man on my hands? Give me your pistol.’

‘Why?’

‘Why! To hinder you from killing yourself before you pay me. After that, it will be a matter of perfect indifference to me, but still you will have to do it away from here.’

‘So I have not even liberty to die:’ Léon murmured; for the wretchedness, despair, and hunger, and the emotion which precedes

suicide, had thrown him into a state of complete prostration, and, scarcely knowing what he did, he gave the weapon to his host.

‘After all,’ he said, ‘I owe you money, I belong to you, do what you like with me. Have me arrested if you think fit.’

‘You are very unhappy, then?’

‘Ah! indeed I am.’

‘You can’t do any thing, then?’

‘I can do any thing?’

‘Any thing?’

‘Yes, any thing, from Arabic and Greek down to the way to make economical soap. Well, then, I am dying of hunger.’

‘Oh! hang it! That’s not the stuff to get a living by, and you are not the first.’

‘I wished to give lessons; I was offered twelve hundred francs a year! Twelve hundred francs for spending all my days in trying to teach a parcel of idiots from eight to twelve years old, every one more ignorant, more disagreeable, more ugly, than another.’

‘What next?’

‘After that, I made a translation of some Arabic songs, magnificent songs, entirely unknown in Europe, and capable of transforming the whole of northern literature.’

‘Well?’

‘Well, the publisher wanted two thousand francs to print my translation.’

‘You ought to have tried something else.’

‘So I did. I asked for work from the French government, a copy of a picture.’

‘You got it directly? They say that in France, governments attend to nothing but encouraging the arts.’

‘I was offered eight hundred francs to copy a Velasquez, and there was a year’s work in it.’

‘Ah! that’s very amusing! Go on,’ said the host, placing his hands on his hips, and appearing to take the greatest interest in all that he heard.

‘Ah! it amuses you, does it?’

‘Vastly.’

And the tavern-keeper sat down, for he had just reflected that he should be more comfortable sitting than standing.

‘I addressed myself to a journal,’ Léon continued, ‘with a view to translating the foreign news, and writing scientific articles. At the end of a month I had made eighty francs, and received orders not to write on science again, the subscribers having written to say that it was tiresome.’

‘Ah! yes, scientific articles; one can’t stand that sort of thing,’ and the inn-keeper gave a stupid laugh.

‘I then scraped together all my resources and came to England.’

‘You did right.’

‘Speaking English perfectly, I counted on giving French lessons to young gentlemen; but I had the thoughtlessness to pronounce the word ‘chemise’ before a lady, the mother of one of your countrymen, and the same day I was dismissed.’

‘And since then?’

‘Since then I have done nothing. I came to live at your house, and I owe you forty shillings.’

‘You ought to have been content with the first place you got, that at twelve hundred francs.’

‘Content with that? I would have died first.’

‘I am contented with what I have, I am sure,’ said the tavern-keeper, with pride, ‘and for these twenty years I have done my own cooking.’

‘I should perhaps have been contented if I had not been in love.’

‘You are in love?’

‘Yes; and to win the girl I loved, I was obliged to make fifty thousand francs in one year.’

‘Fifty thousand francs in one year, when I, I have even now only a thousand pounds, the half of what you wanted, and after twenty years! You are mad, my friend!’

‘And in six weeks the year expires. That is why I preferred dying to-day, to waiting for that time.’

The inn-keeper appeared to be deep in thought.

‘I have an idea,’ he cried suddenly.

‘You?’

‘I! You want fifty thousand francs?’

‘Yes.’

‘If I get you sixty thousand, will you give me ten?’

Léon looked at the inn-keeper as one looks at a madman.

‘I am speaking seriously.’

‘You can procure me sixty thousand francs?’

‘Within a month of this.’

Léon rose and sprang at his host’s neck, but he repulsed this familiarity with his hand, and continued:

‘Have you a good appetite?’

‘Excellent! But what does my appetite matter?’

‘Have you committed any excesses?’

‘Never.’

‘You will marry the girl you love.’

‘What?’

‘Be brave, that’s all you need.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Dress yourself.’

‘I have no coat but that I have on.’

‘I will lend you one, then, and I shall send up a barber to take off your beard. We are going to the house of a nobleman, a lord, a peer of England.’

‘Who will give me sixty thousand francs?’

‘Who will put you in the way to gain them, if you have a good appetite.’

‘I do n’t understand it at all.’

‘You have no need to understand. Have you a good appetite?’

‘Yes, I tell you again.’

‘Are you fond of pigeon?’

‘What has pigeon to do with all this?’

‘Answer me. Are you fond of pigeon?’

‘I adore it!’

‘You are saved, and I make ten thousand francs. Wait for me, I will be back in a minute.’

Twenty minutes after this conversation, Léon, shaved, dressed in a coat four times too big for him, but cleaner than that which he had been wearing for a month, walked out of his hotel, accompanied by his host, without as yet having been able to make his companion say where he was leading him, and what connection pigeons could have with love, and the fifty thousand francs of which he stood in need.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

MASTER PETERS conducted Léon to one of the finest houses in Piccadilly.

‘Can Lord Lenisdale be seen?’ the host asked, remaining respectfully, hat in hand, before the laced footman to whom he addressed himself, and making a sign to Léon to do the same.

‘No,’ replied the footman, ‘my lord does not receive.’

‘Be good enough to tell his lordship,’ said Peters, ‘that it is some one for the pigeons.’

‘Ah! if it is for the pigeons,’ said the footman, ‘you can walk in.’

Peters looked at Léon with a triumphant air.

‘Every thing is going well,’ said he.

Léon thought himself in a dream.

The footman introduced the two visitors into a drawing-room all brilliant with silk and gold, and said to them, with a deference which he had not previously shown: ‘I am going to tell his lordship.’

At the end of ten minutes his lordship appeared.

He was a man of about sixty, tall, thin, and white-haired, with a distinguished manner, and the look of a man who is accustomed to patronize petitioners, and to answer them.

'My lord,' said Peters, rising, as did Léon, and bowing three or four times very humbly, 'I have come to present to your lordship this gentleman, who wishes to compete for the pigeon-prize.'

Lord Lenisdale looked at Léon as a naturalist would look at an insect that he saw for the first time.

'You are a Frenchman?' the nobleman asked, making use of the French language to address Léon.

'Yes, my lord,' was his answer, in English, which flattered the son of Albion.

'And you wish to compete for the pigeon-prize?'

'I am ignorant as to what the prize is, my lord; but a quarter of an hour ago I was on the point of blowing out my brains, when Mr. Peters, my host, came into my room, and, moved by the story of my misfortunes, offered to put me in a way to gain sixty thousand francs in one month; only I have not been able yet to make him say by what means.'

'The question, Sir, is this,' the Englishman replied, in the grave tone of a diplomatist treating of the most important political matters; 'there is in London a society of men of science, of which I am president. This society, anxious to throw light on all scientific questions, has offered a prize of sixty thousand francs for the man who will eat, every day, for a month, a roast pigeon for his dinner. This seems very easy at first sight, but nobody has been able to accomplish it, and yet many have made the attempt. Some gave up the attempt at the tenth pigeon, others fell ill at the fifteenth, and we have seen three candidates die between the twenty-second and twenty-fifth. The prize was at that time only thirty thousand francs. The difficulty that there was in winning it induced us to double it. Do you feel, Sir, that you have the necessary qualification?'

We give up the attempt to depict Léon's astonishment.

'Yes, my lord,' he replied, not clearly knowing what he was saying, and thinking only of the sixty thousand francs; 'but you will furnish the pigeons?'

'That is understood, of course.'

'For my means would not permit me to incur that expense.'

'And when will you begin?'

'From to-day.'

'Be good enough to tell me your name,' said the nobleman, sitting down and opening a large register-book, bearing the arms of England.

'Léon ——.'

'Your age?'

'Thirty.'

'Your profession?'

VOL. LIV.

‘I have none; I was employed in a government office, and I left my situation to turn my knowledge to profit in another way.’

‘You are a man of learning, then?’

‘I have received a pretty good education.’

‘We have in our society a distinguished Hellenist, Lord Bourlam.’

‘I have heard speak of him; but he has made many mistakes in his translation of Orpheus.’

‘We have Lord Gastrouck, the Orientalist.’

‘Who has fallen into many errors in his studies on the poet Sadi.’

‘You speak Arabic, then?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Then we have a great archæologist.’

‘Lord Storley. If I had the honor of his acquaintance, I would point out to him that he is mistaken two or three times in the dates which he assigns to the Egyptian monuments.’

‘Do you know Lord Galby, too?’

‘The astronomer?’

‘Yes.’

‘Perfectly; at least by his works.’

‘Has he made mistakes, too?’

‘More than the others; while I have discovered a star, whose existence he has never suspected, and which I will show him when he pleases; a star of four times the circumference of the earth.’

‘Why, Sir, you know every thing, it seems.’

‘Almost, my lord.’

‘And now you wish to know if you can eat thirty pigeons in a month?’

‘No, my lord; I wish to gain, by any means whatever, so long as it is honestly, fifty thousand francs within a month of this, for on this condition alone can I marry the woman I love.’

‘Well, Sir, I will do still better for you; if you win the prize, I will myself present you to the king, and I will get you admitted into our society.’

Léon bowed in token of thanks.

‘We say, then,’ Lord Lenisdale resumed, ‘profession, none?’

‘Yes, my lord.’

‘You were born?’

‘In Paris.’

‘And you now live?’

‘At the Black Lion Hotel, Hornble street.’

‘Very good. Now here are the clauses of the treaty. You will be free to eat and drink whatever you please; but every day, for a month, at six o’clock, you will eat a roast pigeon. Two of us will be present at your repast, and will draw up an account of the manner in

which it passes. The pigeon must be eaten in its entirety. If you renounce the attempt, you will not be able to compete afresh : if in consequence of this diet you fall ill, twenty pounds will be allowed you for the expenses of your illness ; if you succumb, like the three candidates of whom I just spoke to you, you will be buried at the expense of the society, and the cause of your death will be engraved on your tomb.'

'Thanks, my lord, for all these instructions ; but be kind enough to allow me to put a question to you ?'

'Speak.'

'Has your society not proposed a prize for the solution of some scientific problem, either in agriculture, or in astronomy, or in history, or in languages ?'

'No. All that has little interest for us. We aim, above every thing, at informing ourselves as to the capabilities of the human body.'

'You understand, my lord, that I would rather have utilized my intelligence than my stomach.'

'Are you not in need of fifty thousand francs ?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'Well, it is your only way to get them. The positions which our scientific men have reached, are purely honorary positions, in which their self-love only gains any thing. So this is clearly agreed on ; thirty roast pigeons,' said the nobleman, insisting on this clause, 'from to-day, the thirty-first of July, to the first of September next.'

'Where shall I take this meal ?'

'Where you please.'

'At my house,' said Peters.

'Yes,' said Lord Lenisdale.

'And will my lord permit me,' asked Peters, 'if this gentleman wins the prize, to issue prospectuses of my establishment, and to state in them this extraordinary fact ?'

'I will consult the society on the subject.'

'My lord is very good !'

'Farewell, Sir,' the peer of England continued, 'may you succeed ! I wish it fervently, for your sake and for the sake of science, and, as I think I have already told you, if you succeed, the king's favor will be secured to you, and the greatest houses of London will be open to you.'

'Come,' said Léon, on his return, still accompanied by Peters, 'it was well worth while to learn Latin, Greek, Arabic, Italian, Spanish, German, English, history, geometry, astronomy, agriculture, natural history, natural philosophy, chemistry, and Moldo-Wallachian, to be reduced after all to eating thirty pigeons in a month if I wish to

marry the woman I love, and to make fifty thousand francs. O Learning! thou art but a name!’

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THAT very evening Léon set to work.

A week afterwards, Lord Bourlam and Lord Storley, who had a wish to be the witnesses of the dinners for the whole month, returned at seven in the evening to the house of Lord Lenisdale.

‘Well?’ said he, to them.

‘Well, he has eaten his pigeon again to-day.’

‘Entirely?’

‘Entirely.’

‘A vigorous fellow!’

On the fifteenth of August, Lord Lenisdale said to the two witnesses:

‘Well, is our man dead?’

‘No.’

‘Does he still eat his pigeon?’

‘Still.’

‘Roast?’

‘Roast.’

‘The whole of it?’

‘The whole.’

‘Come, he has passed the second period.’

On the twenty-fifth he went himself to see Léon, whom he hardly recognized. Our hero’s eyes were on fire, and he had the fever of a horse.

‘How are you?’ said the president of the society.

‘Very unwell,’ Léon replied.

‘And you persevere?’

‘Yes.’

‘You are the Wellington of pigeons!’

‘Thanks for that encouragement, my lord.’

Lord Lenisdale wished to be present at the three last dinners, which Léon could no longer get through except by stopping his nose, so tainted did he find the smell of the pigeon.

Who would ever think that this bird, so renowned for its faithfulness, was so bad in the long run?

On the thirtieth of August, the people of London crowded round the door of Master Peters’ hotel. Léon was with difficulty snatched away from the marks of enthusiasm which he had excited.

After having eaten the last pigeon, he was obliged, though in great emotion at his triumph, and stifled by heart-burn, to go to the window and salute the populace of the quarter, to whom Master Peters made daily harangues.

Several men of science had come from Scotland to see Léon; but they had only been able to see him through the key-hole, and had been obliged besides to give Peters at least a pound.

On the second of September the prize was won.

Master Peters sold to an English tourist, who had bought the two hundred and thirtieth cane of Voltaire, the coat which Léon had worn all the time that the experiment had lasted. He sold this coat for a hundred guineas, and the collector would not have parted with it for a thousand.

At last, on the third of September, the *Times* contained the following:

‘Our readers have doubtless heard of that young Frenchman who presented himself, a month back, as a candidate for the pigeon-prize offered by Lord Lenisdale and all the members of the Scientific Society of London.

‘We have the happiness to be able to announce that this prize has been at length carried off by the young Frenchman, under whose window for the past week, and at this very moment, a curious and enthusiastic crowd has gathered.

‘The thirty pigeons have been eaten in their entirety, and the bones have been preserved, to be offered and made over, with a report establishing the fact, to the Cabinet of Natural History.

‘It will be remembered that before this young man, more than a hundred and fifty candidates have renounced the competition, after a struggle of eight or ten days, and three of the number even died.

‘This young man must therefore be endowed with a very good digestion, and a vast amount of energy. Yesterday, the prize, together with a gold medal, was decreed to this young Frenchman, M. Léon —. Here, then, is an important problem solved for the future. A very fine discourse was pronounced on the occasion by Lord Bourlam, our great Hellenist. Lord Lenisdale himself replied to this discourse by a very beautiful theory on the Origin of Religions and the Birth of Languages. We are happy to be able to apprise our readers that M. Léon — is not an ordinary man impelled to this experiment by the hope of gain; he is a man of the first rank in science and letters. Accordingly he has made this experiment out of pure curiosity. This is proved by the fact that he has given ten thousand francs to the tavern-keeper who roasted the pigeons. The same evening he was presented to the King. His Majesty gave him a snuff-box set with diamonds, and questioned him for a long time on the different sensations which a frequent repetition of pigeon can produce in the human organization. The Spanish Ambassador wrote immediately to his Queen, to ask for M. Léon the cross of Isabella the Catholic. Prince Kourzoff offered fifty thousand roubles to the successful candidate, if he would go and repeat the experiment in Russia; but M. Léon —,

whom his family and his interests recall to Paris, refused the offer with regret, adding, moreover, that he should find a second attempt impossible; what he had to suffer, during this month of pigeons, being beyond all expression.'

On the fifteenth of September, 1838, Léon presented himself at the house of Mr. Lebrun, whom he found with his daughter in the same room where a year previously he had taken leave of him.

'Well?' said the father to him.

'Here are seventy-five thousand francs,' León replied, taking from his pocket seventy-five bank-notes.

'Twenty-five thousand francs more!' cried M. Lebrun, wonder-struck, while Julia's cheek grew pale with emotion and rosy with joy.

'Yes,' said Léon, 'not only have I made the money, but I have received presents which I have sold, and which are represented by the twenty-five thousand francs.'

'And is it to your education that you owe this?'

'Yes,' said Léon, with a sigh; for he did not care to acknowledge the source of his fortune.

'Then,' said Julia, throwing herself on the neck of her betrothed, 'if we have any sons we must make learned men of them.'

'Devil take me if I even teach them to read!' said Léon to himself. And he married Julia, and he was very happy, and he had two sons, who, in spite of the oath which their father had taken, are already two prodigies, and have entered on the road which leads to the Academy of Inscriptions and Literature.

Now that Léon has no longer any need of his knowledge for a living, he seeks to make it useful. He has already published his translation of the Arabic songs, which has gained him a name among translators, and brought him in thirty-two francs fifty centimes; his agreement with the publisher being to the effect that he was to share the proceeds with him, and the book having already produced a net gain of sixty-five francs.

Does this story prove that we ought to despise learning? No. It simply proves that you must seek from it only what it can give; toil always, renown sometimes, obscurity often, fortune never.

Do we despise love, which requires still more, and yields still less?

Does it prove that we ought to despise the freaks of the English? No. For, as we see, the freaks of some can subserve the happiness of others, and all the roads which a man takes to reach happiness are good, provided he reaches it.

'Then what does it prove?'

It proves nothing.

Ah! yes. It proves that pigeons are heavy diet, and that Providence uses all means to come to the help of those who have nothing with which to reproach themselves.

T E A A N D C O F F E E .

So universal has the use of infused beverages become that, in America at least, one cannot sit at table, public or private, without replying to the question: 'Tea, or coffee?' Not in the sense of 'Do you wish tea or coffee,' but which do you prefer? At many private tables throughout the country, if one happens to be abstemious, or has conscientious scruples as to the moral effects of artificial drinks, or from any cause desires to quench his thirst with 'the nectar which Jupiter sips,' he must put the hostess to the inconvenience of sending for a pitcher of water; and then, ten to one, he must swallow a weak solution of carbonate of lime, with nothing to disguise its raw, earthy taste. Doubtless many timid reformers are deterred from teetotalism by its inconvenience, and by the extra trouble they must necessarily occasion others, in order to its practice.

A popularity so universal have the infused beverages attained, and so great an influence do they exert upon the human race, that the question of their use, abuse, or disuse, is worthy the consideration alike of philosopher and philanthropist. Their use can be superseded and their influence overcome neither by the enthusiasm of the radical reformer nor by statistical appeals to the economy of the race. The fact that the annual expenditure for tea and coffee in the United States alone, is upwards of twenty-five millions of dollars, does not prevent the poor widow from purchasing her ounce of tea, though she possesses but a handful of chips with which to steep it. It is useless to tell the *gourmand* that his luxuries cost more than his necessities, for men ever have expended and ever will expend most for the gratification of their governing appetites. So long as human nature retains its humanity, nothing else can be expected. Habits and appetites inculcated during a lifetime, whose predisposing causes may well dispute priority with the cradle itself, are not so easily eradicated, even though conscience be pitted against them; and until the appetite for stimulants, which is none the less strong because it is abnormal, be overcome, reformers may have science, experience, and economy entirely in their favor, and yet labor in vain. The stimulant users of the present day were born, speaking in a general sense, and ninety-nine in a hundred of them will die with their present appetites and indulgences. The change—for undoubtedly, sooner or later, change will come—must be effected through the rising and future generations. In their behalf, and in behalf of those who have not yet wholly surrendered themselves at the shrine of habit, let us examine the question candidly and in the light of science and reason.

The infused beverages are divided into three classes: first, teas, or

infusions of leaves ; second, coffees, or infusions of seeds ; and third, cocoas, which are thin soups or gruels rather than infusions.

A tradition respecting the origin of the tea-plant, handed down from the third century, runs thus : ' A pious hermit, who, in his watchings and prayers had often been overtaken by sleep, so that his eyelids closed, against his will, in holy wrath against the weakness of the flesh, he cut them off and threw them on the ground. Well pleased with this mark of his devotedness, a god caused a tea-shrub to spring out of them, the leaves of which exhibit the form of an eyelid bordered with lashes and possess the wonderful gift of hindering sleep.'

A similar tradition exists concerning the origin of the coffee-plant.

The Chinese claim for tea that, 'it is of a cooling nature, and if taken in excess, produces exhaustion and lassitude.' It increases the flow of animal spirits, and imparts a feeling of cheerfulness. Its three principal ingredients are theine, tannic acid, and a volatile oil. The first contributes its enlivening properties ; the second, its astringency ; and the third its narcotic principle, which last is very powerful in recently prepared tea. The Chinese never use that which is less than a year old, thus allowing the volatile oil partially to escape. This oil is not a natural constituent of the plant, but is generated during the roasting process. Tea lessens the loss of the system by perspiration, arrests the metamorphic decomposition of the tissues, and thereby lessens the quantity of nutriment necessary to the repair of the body.

Coffee resembles tea in its chemical constituents, theine or caffeine, for the terms are synonymous, and a volatile, empyreumatic oil forming the prominent principles. As is the case with tea, the oil is produced during the roasting process. Chemists have assayed to determine to which of these substances the peculiar effects of the beverages are due ; but, practically considered, such investigations are no better than scientific nonsense. When the devotee of the bowl raises the potion to his lips, he does not pause to ask what part of the chemical formula for alcohol ($C_4 H_6 O_2$) it is that burns his palate, nor does the hungry man care whether it be empyreumatic oil or oil of vitriol that satisfies his craving as he sips his cup of coffee. In the same manner as tea, coffee lessens the excretions and arrests metamorphosis.

The ingredients of cocoa are similar to those of tea and coffee, with the addition of cocoa-butter and a greater proportion of starch and gluten. A volatile oil is produced by roasting, as with tea and coffee, and a peculiar principle, called theobromine, corresponds to theine. Cocoa has no qualities superior to those of the two beverages already mentioned, with the exception that it is more nutritious. On account of the large percentage of cocoa-butter, it taxes the digestive organs more than either of the other beverages.

Every thing in the great realm of nature has been created, and is

sustained on the principle of growth and decay, of supply and waste. Reverse this law and the result is destruction and death ; and just in proportion as this process is retarded does the organism suffer deterioration. In the vegetable kingdom the process is continually repeated. Without it neither man, nor beast, nor tree could exist for a single day. Without constant change, a process of inhalation and exhalation—to use a more classical term, a perpetual metamorphosis—the human body would soon become a loathsome mass of putrefaction. The old and worn-out particles must be thrown off to give place for new material, which, in turn, after performing its office in the vital laboratory, is displaced by a new supply. As soon as the supply is stopped, the vital domain suffers. Emaciation and dissolution result from its protracted refusal. It follows, that any substance which serves to arrest the constant waste and renewal of the tissues, while it actually diminishes the quantity of nutriment necessary to the support of the system, it vitiates the quality of the tissues by causing them to retain particles which are effete and should be excreted. The rule will hold good in every case, and with all substances: just in proportion as we decrease the *quantity* of material necessary to supply the waste of the system, do we depreciate the *quality* of the tissues. These beverages tax the organs of excretion by furnishing new substances, theine, tannic acid, etc., to be expelled ; and these latter in their eliminatory passage serve to constrict and clog the excretory ducts, thus causing other extraneous matters to be retained. It may be laid down as an axiomatic aphorism in physiology that, whatever is gained in quantity is lost in quality, if the gain be through the agency of arresters of metamorphosis.

Again, we must beware of accepting the abnormal action of the system consequent upon the use of stimulants as the direct action of the stimulants themselves. Vital action and reaction must not be mistaken for specific action. Increase the ordinary load of your draught-horse slightly, and he will step a little more firmly ; double it, and he will put forth uncommon effort and move faster than with an ordinary load ; apply the whip, and he will strain his muscles to their utmost, and probably break his harness ; but it would be absurd to argue that the increased demand for exertion and the prompting of his driver produce a corresponding increase in the strength of the animal. The human organism acts upon the same principle. It performs its ordinary labor quietly. The vital machinery, if unimpeded, moves with very little friction from the dawn of life until stopped by the chill of death. When any substance, deleterious to its delicate tissues, is introduced into the system through the digestive organs, intelligence is at once telegraphed to the capital of the vital domain, and an extra force is dispatched to defend the structures and dislodge the intruder.

The channel of ejection is determined by the nature and potency of the substance introduced. Sometimes the repulsion is attended with very little commotion: a slight perspiration, or slight increase through some other of the excretory channels, as in case of weak stimulants and 'tonic' preparations; sometimes with violent perturbations throughout the whole system, as in case of strong narcotics and small doses of poison; and sometimes the vital forces are entirely overthrown, as in case of fatal poisoning. In every case the action is forced and abnormal.

An old physician—and old physicians are too often deemed the best authority, simply on account of age—is said to have replied, when asked if tea really is a slow poison: 'Certainly, very slow indeed; I have been dying of it myself for the last seventy years.' He told the truth, though in a metaphorical way, for it matters very little with the result whether we vitiate or abbreviate life. To those having a high ideal of physical purity, there is no avoiding the inference; and the moral is more nearly allied to the physical than most men care to admit.

After all that can be said against the use of these beverages, the fact that nature will adapt herself to circumstances continually contravenes the philosophy of the radicals. Almost unlimited provision has been made for the exigencies and emergencies of this physical life. The human constitution is well-nigh invincible. Abuse it as we may, still the machinery of life moves on, not generally without complaint, but always with fidelity. Adepts in the art of arsenic-eating perceive no inconvenience from doses which would prove fatal to an inexperienced taster; and thus, whatever habits we may indulge, or in whatever circumstances we may be placed, if the former are regular and systematic, and the latter are permanent or habitual, we shall find our natures gradually accommodating themselves to their condition, even though it be not strictly physiological.

A K I N D O F F E R .

'I'LL follow thy fortune,' a termagant cries,
Whose extravagance caused all the evil;
'That were consolation,' the husband replies,
'For my fortune has gone to the devil.'

MADAM WHARTON, OR BALL-ROOM CAN-CAN.

'It's a curious affair altogether. I'll tell it you, and you may believe it or not, as you please; only rest assured, unnatural and romantic as it seems, I, who am any thing but credulous, believe every word of it. One reason of my faith I suppose is, in having been connected as a sort of an accessory, with two or three striking events in her life. And how oddly sometimes we find ourselves mixed up in the affairs of total strangers; of no more consequence, may be, than the surrounding upholstery.

When I first came to Europe, about twenty years ago, on board the same packet was a widow lady with her daughter—this same Madam Wharton, my dear. She, the mother, I mean, was not at all what men call pretty, but she was a nice-looking person, with a self-possession of manner, and a resolute air that almost amounted to dignity. Her child, this Thekla you are so taken with—and who is not, to be sure?—was as charming a little creature as one could imagine, exceedingly pretty and graceful, not more than eight or ten years of age.

'Mrs. Wharton and I grew to be quite sociable and chatty. I found her more communicative than I had expected. Her reserve arose from shyness; when that was overcome, she was *au fond* a little too *bourgeoise* to keep up any thing like dignity, and being forced by circumstances to push her own way in the world, she was constantly maturing her plans by thinking them aloud.

'She had small means, but great ambition. What her ambition desired seemed scarcely definable. I could not exactly make out her end, nor do I believe she had a positive one; but it was very evident she looked to her daughter to fulfil all her visions, and a more unsuitable person for her purposes, it appeared to me, she could not have chosen or relied on.

'Thekla, pretty name, is it not? Her mother told me she had named her from Schiller's heroine. 'Piccolomini' and 'Wallenstein' she had read the winter before the child's birth, and used to even dream imaginary scenes connected with these marvellous dramas. She does not look fanciful, that's true, but the most prosaic of us have our romantic seasons some time in our lives, and we generally do something that makes us remember them in our after-years of sober common-sense, which 'something' is apt to make us feel a little silly, if not worse. Mrs. Wharton's resolved itself into her child's fanciful name, Thekla. Happy Mrs. Wharton, if she has nothing else existing as evidence of that dangerous season.

'She was a curious compound, that Mrs. Wharton. She had good

taste and enough culture, but was as sharp and business-like as any man, and is still, I'll answer for it, although she sits there beside the Prince so stately and *comme il faut* in her black velvet and diamonds, looking as calm and elegant in her matronly dignity as though she had never hustled her way through vulgar necessities, or been mingled personally with repulsive trials.

'But to return to Thekla. She was a bright, easy, careless girl, entirely free from all ambition except that of leading as happy and irresponsible a life as possible; nor had she much natural quickness to make amends for her want of application. That curious thing called genius which she now possesses, was a late development, and it seemed to come as if in direct answer to that curious vague faith Mrs. Wharton was filled with, that Micawber-like expectation of 'something turning up.'

'She was going to Europe to educate Thekla, she said, and we talked for hours over the subject. My Tom was a baby then, and as I was a young mother, I was of course alarmingly wise on the subject of education. I had Miss Edgeworth, and Madame Neckar, and a lot of other clever folks' works at my finger-ends. Heigho! how presumptuous youth is, to be sure.

'Of course Mrs. Wharton's conversation was agreeable to me, she had a straightforward, original way of 'putting' things, and while I sat with her under the awning on the quarter-deck, during some delicious calms we had, embroidering and making up pretty little things for my baby, I felt as if I were listening to some book on the subject, and fancied I was learning a great deal. To this day I love to listen to the plans and opinions of intelligent, sharp-thinking people; their busy brain-besoms hustle the cobwebs of reverie and inaction out of my own head.

'To be sure, brother Charles and my husband would laugh at my innocent faith in my new acquaintance, and declare, rather coarsely, I thought, that she was *une aventurière* and *jouait une rôle* with me; that she cared blessed little for education; she had her two sharp grey eyes open for her own advancement in some way; and some day I'd be ashamed of being so intimate with her, and all that sort of talk some men will indulge in over a clever business-like woman.

'Talk of women being uncharitable, my dear! To see that amiable quality in full force, take a man for it. Men can feel for weak little dependent women, or even for intelligent, energetic women, if they have beauty, and are a little *intrigante*, which last quality possesses great charms for men; but for an earnest, business-like, unromantic woman, no longer in her first youth, nor possessing any particular attractions, phew! how virtuous and far-seeing they grow. Here comes my husband.

(‘What is it, my dear? What was I saying? Nothing; only telling A—— the curious history of Madame la Comtesse. Speak louder or come nearer, I can’t hear you, that woman in the music-room is making such an awful racket. Where shall you find me after supper? Oh! here, of course; the crowd is too great to move about much; I have no fancy for tearing my beautiful lace flounces, I assure you. They show to fine advantage on this gold-colored brocatelle of the sofa, and that mirror opposite gratifies my vanity sufficiently. But pray, you dear, good creature, don’t let us keep you; A—— and I can take care of ourselves very comfortably. By-by.)

‘It does men no good to hear one abuse them, my dear. Take my advice and never do it. Think what you please of them, and say it, too, if they don’t hear it; but never expect to do them any good by telling them of their faults; as we say at home, they are ‘too set in their ways.’ You don’t know any thing, my friend. You have never been married, and no woman does until she has been. To be sure, you may saucily think it’s like old Beller’s charity boys’ alphabet—going through a great deal to accomplish *such* a little! I shan’t discuss with you about it, for maiden ladies are as ‘set’ in their notions as men; only if you really do think so, never marry.

‘But about Mrs. Wharton and Thekla. Our pleasant voyage came to an end, I bade them good-by in Havre, and years rolled around before I ever saw them again.

‘One night at a grand rout given by Mrs. B. in Florence—you remember her, that pretty Mrs. P.’s sister—who should turn up but my old acquaintances, Mrs. Wharton and Thekla, both a little older, and both very much improved.

‘At first Mrs. Wharton did not recognize me, but Thekla did, a little to her mother’s annoyance, I fancied, and I was about to drop them, when I discovered that what I took for annoyance was preoccupation. All her European association with what she considered grand society had not been able to take out of her that *bourgeoise*, straightforward display of the idea she was pursuing or feeling that was working on her at the instant.

‘She evidently wished to keep her eye on Thekla, who showed the same old instinct for pleasure, and was quite ready to trip off with any one of the beaux, who for some reason or other thronged around her. I had only just arrived in Florence, and I did not know of her marvellous musical gift; so knowing she was not wealthy, and a little *nigarde*, I attributed her belledom to her beauty. She had developed into a really handsome girl, and so I said to the mother, as I watched her in the mazourka with a handsome Russian, who was turning the heads of half the girls in that set in Florence. He was like Laura’s friend in Beppo :

'A Count of wealth, inferior to his quality,
 But then he was a Count, and then he knew
 Music and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan.
 He was a critic on operas, too,
 And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin.'

'At first I thought Mrs. Wharton had not heard my compliment to her daughter's good looks, she was so intent on watching her movements, and her face wore an anxious, preoccupied expression which gave to her peculiar cast of features a very sage, foxy sort of look. Suddenly she said abruptly, as if my words had just reached her :

'She is clever, too, immensely clever. Sings divinely. Paturzo of Naples, her master, says she is better than Cruvelli. She has quite a talent that way, I assure you. Pray tell me,' she added, in her old, keen, business-like tone, 'do you know who that Russian is with whom Thekla is waltzing?'

'Aha! I thought, that's the bother. Finding I had no information to give her, she continued in her droll, naïve way of thinking aloud :

'He is a stranger, lately arrived, not very rich they say, but of very high rank, the Emperor's god-son; well presented. Lady A —, who is excessively particular, and Mrs. Steele, who is a perfect dragon of propriety, receive him. But I don't like his looks. Do you?'

'I laughingly admitted that I did; that is, I thought him handsome after a certain style — of the Corsair order *par exemple*.

'Ah! you are not a mother,' she said, with a laugh that was intended to be free and easy, but whose sharp tones sadly belied its intentions, 'that is, you have no daughter to look after, or you would know that such sort of hero-like looking men are the most unavailable things to be met with; and so injurious in their effect, quite destructive of a healthy taste in girls.'

'For a proper, sensible, well-to-do marriage,' I interrupted, with a saucy laugh.

'Ah! one must live, you know,' she replied, 'and how fit is a poor, pretty girl like Thekla to make a luxury out of her marriage, I'd like to know? Thekla, my dear,' she cried, starting up just as that young lady was about disappearing on the arm of her waltzing companion into one of the ante-rooms, 'here is your *sortie du bal*, love. You are too warm to venture on a change of atmosphere. You know it always thickens your voice, and the music will soon commence.'

'Thekla submitted with a better grace than one might have expected in such a young, pleasure-loving girl, but I saw she was one of those happy little ones who never fretted, and evidently acted on the principle that what could not be enjoyed one time could another.

Comte Kareshkin, for that was the name of her fine Russian beau, looked immensely bored and vexed. He was certainly what the French call *l'amouraché* with the young American, if not really in love with her; what a delicate distinction with an immense deal of difference that expression conveys. He stood talking in a low voice in Italian to her, a language which the mother did not understand well enough to catch the meaning of a smooth run of society conversation, for clever and quick as Mrs. Wharton was in most affairs, a versatility in languages was certainly not one of her gifts.

“Do you understand Italian?” she said to me, in a quick tone; showing so plainly the drift of her thoughts. I wonder if she has any more self-control now?

‘I did, and as I told her so, she looked at me with the eager gaze of hunger, so much did she covet my knowledge, and I was positively afraid she would next ask me to interpret to her all the passionate compliments the gallant Giaour-like lover was pouring into the pretty Thekla’s willing ear; so I contrived an excuse to separate myself from them, half-amused and half-sorry.

‘While I was in Naples the following winter, I heard Thekla sing in character at a private operatic representation. It was a treat you can well imagine, you who have wept such bitter tears over her ‘*Violante*’ and ‘*Alice*,’ and who have seen the most fastidious European audiences rise *en masse* in their admiration, just think what it was to hear that superb voice when the gift was just opening within her; it was like catching the first fragrant breath of an opening gelsomino bud.

‘The Prince of S. gave, just before Lent, a series of private theatricals; a delightful affair, to which our kind, courteous minister, Mr. —, get us an invitation. The Duchess S —, you know, acts marvellously well, and her sister-in-law, Sadowsky, is one of the finest actresses on the Italian stage at present. The first night they played together in Martini’s ‘*Femme de quarante ans*,’ Sadowsky taking the rôle of Frédéric to the exquisite ‘*Malvina*’ of the Duchess. It was charming. The next evening, however, was the crowning treat. Don Giovanni,’ with Comte Kareshkin as the naughty hero, and Thekla as ‘*Zerlina*.’ All the singers were amateurs; the ‘*Donna Anna*’ was the poor Comtesse G., who has more rank than voice, and more money and ugliness than either, and the ‘*Elvira*’ was only passable; but they all served as foils to set off Thekla, who sang and acted marvellously.

‘I never see Thekla now in that part without recalling that evening. The naïve delight she displayed while listening to the seductive wooing of her Russian Don Juan, was called fine acting, and she does it the same way now. You remember that pretty little bird-like look

she puts into her eyes, glancing askance with a half-curious, whole-charmed air, when Don Giovanni leads her to the side front of the stage, and commences the 'La ci darem la mano.' Then the triumphant air, like the victory of a child, with which she listens to

'Vieni mio bel diletto,
Io cangiero tua sorte,'

singing the 'Mi fa pieta Mazetto' almost mechanically, as if the saying of it satisfied her conscience; and the first bursting out of 'Presto non son piu forte,' with that curious expression of face and voice which is a mingling of vanity, curiosity, and almost complete intoxication; then the little cunning prudery that follows as if instinct had told her she was yielding too soon. And the voluptuous hurry she puts into the repeat, the pretty nodding of her head, as if perfectly convinced of the propriety of the affair, when she sings in duo, 'Andiam mio bene andiam, le pene a ristorar,' so soft and seductive, and the cunning little natural forté she throws into the last words 'd' un innocente amor,' continuing to nod her head, and trying to look innocent, while all the little Satan within her dances in her eyes and trembles on her lips. I tell you that night's acting Nature taught her, and she cunningly keeps the memory of the lesson, making capital of it. It is not often one makes such good use of one's mistakes; but geniuses are akin to fools in more ways than one, and Providence protects them both.

'The Russian sang well, but looked and acted to perfection his part. The whole affair was a triumph, and Thekla was the idol of the court circle. Poor Mrs. Wharton! If her ambition was gratified, she certainly found it a very thorny affair, for a more uneasy, anxious woman I never saw.

'Yes, she sings and acts superbly. She ought to. No one knows the pains and trouble I have taken with that girl,' she said, in reply to my congratulations on her daughter's success, looking all the while searchingly around. 'Did you see where Thekla went to?' she continued.

'She left me abruptly, just as the words dropped almost hot and hissing from her lips, without waiting for a reply, for we both just caught sight of Thekla in the distance, slipping very quietly into the illuminated garden, leaning on the arm of her Russian Don Giovanni, evidently as anxious to get away from her mother as, when personating the naughty Zerlina, she had been to avoid poor Mazetto. Mrs. Wharton darted off, and I never saw the same Mrs. Wharton again, for I cannot tell you how much she has altered, unless you see the difference between my description and that stately quiet old dame who is talking French platitudes to the Prince.

‘The next morning when we went to pay visits, we found ‘every body’ talking of the actual elopement of the naughty Thekla with Comte Kareshkin.

‘‘Eloped!’ I cried.

‘‘Yes, my dear,’ said an English lady, whose great angular daughter croaked like a raven in singing, ‘that’s what comes of these clever, exhibiting daughters. I never should let my Élise sing in public. If the Prince de S. and the whole royal family were to ask in person, I should never consent. It’s dangerous business. I say to Elise: ‘No, my dear; though you are gifted, you are a lady. You must never forget that, never forget that.’

‘The anxious look of poor Mrs. Wharton came up before my memory, and with something of her *brusquerie*, I interrupted my English acquaintance in the account of her marvellous self-denial in regard to her daughter’s talents and gentility; I was so eager to hear some detail of the affair; all that I could gather was, what had been told me at first; Thekla had eloped with the Count. The night before, when her mother went to hunt her in the garden, they were already making off as fast as they could, and succeeded.

‘‘And pretty ‘innocente amour’ they’ll make of it, my dear,’ continued my amiable English acquaintance, for whose extreme enjoyment of the sad affair I could have boxed her ears soundly. ‘It’s all up with Miss Thekla now, for he cannot marry her, you know, without his Emperor’s consent, which is hardly worth while to get now, of course, since *she* has dispensed with it.’

‘‘And Mrs. Wharton, where is she?’

‘‘Oh! she’s post haste off to Rome, where they say the Don Juan and his captivating Zerlina have gone. If madame la mère finds her, Miss Thekla can sing ‘Batti, Batti’ with redoubled effect. Good morning, my dear, yours is a wonderful nation to be sure, and your young people are quite carrying out that ‘spirit of your institutions,’ which that poor, innocent little Chargé you used to have here was always talking about, for they are certainly free and independent enough — a little too much so, I fancy, for the comfort of their mammas and papas.’

‘Poor Mrs. Wharton pursued Thekla to Rome, I afterward heard, and then to Florence, and then to Venice, and came very near catching her at the Baths of Lucca the following summer, but it was not until the beginning of the next winter she found her. Then she received a penitent letter from her, asking her to come on to see her at Genoa. She went, found her daughter ill, and the Count a little tired of the affair. As soon as Thekla grew better, Mrs. Wharton began, of course, to inquire into the morality of the affair. They had been married, but the marriage was of course a perfect farce, as it had

been a Protestant one, before some dissenting minister, a stranger and a traveller they had met on the road to Rome that memorable night. Mrs. Wharton insisted upon a repetition of the ceremony according to the rites of his own church; but the Count flatly refused, saying he could not without his Emperor's consent, and after a few days he disappeared, leaving poor Thekla a disgraced woman on her mother's hands.

'Then Mrs. Wharton showed her true energy of character. She did not storm, nor rave, nor fret and grow discouraged, but quietly packed up the humiliated and now obedient Thekla, and mid-winter as it was, carried her off to St. Petersburg. Mr. B—— you know was our minister there at that time. Mrs. Wharton waited on him, and told her story with all the eloquence of an injured woman and disappointed, mortified mother. Of course he felt indignant at the affair, and deeply sympathized with her, but scarcely knew what to do in the matter.

'Present me to the Emperor,' said Mrs. Wharton.

'Mr. B—— agreed to do so, and a few days after she had an audience of his Imperial Majesty. Mr. B—— told me that never in his life had he seen any thing so grand as Nicholas' anger while he listened to Mrs. Wharton's story. He said not one word; his nostrils dilated like those of an animal; his hot, angry breath could be heard in short, panting soughs, and his brow knit and hung over until his fierce eye could only be seen as a receding, fiery spark.

'When she reached the end of her story, which Mr. B—— said she told in a cool, straight-forward, business-like way, although she trembled like a leaf from head to foot, Nicholas, who had been striding up and down the chamber, stopped full short in front of her, and said, without lifting his eyes or looking at her, in a dogged, sullen tone, tossing his head with a quick jerk:

'Do you know, Madame, where Comte Nicolai Kareshkin is at present?'

'No, Sire.'

'I do,' growled the Emperor, in a half under-tone. 'Where is your daughter?' he asked; 'is she with you?'

'Yes, Sire, at my apartments.'

'The Emperor turned to Mr. B——, and still keeping his eyes down, said:

'Would you oblige me, Sir, by sending immediately for the young lady? Do not alarm her; tell her her mother wishes to see her. Madame,' he continued, turning to Mrs. Wharton, 'be so good as to wait here a few moments patiently until Mr. B—— returns. Comte Kareshkin is at this moment on service in the palace; when your daughter comes we can hear his explanation,' and bowing, left the room.

'Yes, the good-for-nothing fellow had come straight off to St. Petersburg as the safest place, never dreaming that the American mother would be quite his match in the affair.

'It was not long before Mr. B — returned with Thekla. As they entered, an attendant requested them to follow him, and they were taken to another part of the palace, into a superbly draped hall. There they found the Emperor. He bowed courteously, and received Thekla with an earnest manner that was almost tender. Turning to an officer who was in waiting, he said :

'Tell Comte Nicolai Kareshkin I wish to see him.'

'In a few minutes the delinquent quasi-husband made his appearance. He started and turned fairly pale at the unexpected presence of Mrs. Wharton and Thekla.

'I understand, Sir,' thundered out Nicholas, 'that after marrying this young lady by the forms that hold good in her own country, you refused to do so by the ceremonial of your own religion, because you had not my consent —'

'The Emperor paused; the Count said not one word. Nicholas eyed him keenly from head to foot.

'In reward for your strict obedience,' he continued, in a cold, cutting tone, 'I shall not only give my consent, but be present at your wedding.'

'The drapery was drawn aside at the head of the hall, disclosing beyond a private chapel, with the altar brilliantly lighted up, and the priest in full canonicals standing ready to perform the ceremony. The Emperor stepped forward, and giving Mrs. Wharton to Mr. B —, taking Thekla by the hand, he motioned to the Count to follow them. In a few moments the ceremony commenced. Nicholas gave away the bride himself, and after the marriage was over he kissed her on her forehead, and taking her to the Empress, who had been also a witness, presented her as the Countess Nicolai Kareshkin. The Count stood silent and abashed.

'Now, Sir,' said the Emperor, stepping up to a table on which an attendant placed a paper and writing-materials, 'sign this paper.'

'The Count did as he was bidden. Nicholas stood by him and looked at him from head to foot with an expression of half-gratification, half-contempt. After the signature was completed, the Emperor handed the paper to Thekla, saying :

'Madame la Comtesse, here is a paper, the possession of which entitles you to the receipt of an income equal to your rank, making you entirely independent of your husband.'

'Stop, Sire,' interrupted Thekla, passionately; it was the first time she had spoken. 'I have not married Count Kareshkin for money,' and tearing the paper from one end to the other, she threw the two pieces at her husband's feet.

'Mr. B — said, never in her finest operatic points has she done

any thing better than that; it was a burst of nature, however, that her mother would have been willing to have had cut out of the programme, I am certain, but Thekla's heart was up, and under such excitements geniuses do splendid things sometimes. The scene is not through yet, my dear. After thus snubbing her husband, she fell at the Emperor's feet, saying in a broken voice:

'God bless you, Sire, for doing justice to a wronged woman.'

'But the excitement was too great even for the vigorous, naughty Thekla; she reeled, attempted to take Nicholas' hand, which he was extending to lift her up, and fainted.

'That afternoon Count Nicolai Kareshkin received peremptory orders to join the army at some distant frontier post. Mrs. Wharton and Thekla remained in St. Petersburg only until the latter was able to travel. The Emperor called on them in person, and when they left he sent Thekla a superb set of diamonds with other handsome presents, and from the Empress she received that set of sapphires and pearls she has on to-night, and a costly suit of sables. You have seen her wear all these royal gifts in costume, for her stage dress is noted for its splendor.

'Thekla and Mrs. Wharton disappeared from all notice for a year or more, although the account of her marriage, with all its melo-dramatic accessories, was in some adroit way or other most carefully circulated in all their old places of resort.

'They went to Paris, took quiet lodgings, and Thekla put herself under the training of Alary for the Theatre Lyrique, and about eighteen months after her marriage, to the amazement of 'every body,' who likes nothing better than to be amazed, the Countess Kareshkin made her *début* in the character of 'Violante,' at the Theatre Italien, in Paris, under the name of Madame Nicolai, by the express consent and distinguished approval of the Emperor of Russia, who, it was said, had requested her to take that as her professional name.

'Her success is historical, and when some future Fétis writes her biography, he will say it was 'unparalleled,' as all great successes seem to be until followed by another. After that she sang with *éclat* in all the European capitals. The last winter of Nicholas' life he sent for her to come to St. Petersburg. While there, she was received at Court, according to her rank, and had as brilliant success off the stage as on.'

'And her husband?'

'Oh! he has attempted, it is said, repeatedly since the Emperor's death, to be reconciled with her, but she is inexorable.'

'And how about the fascinating tenor, Grupetti?'

'*Chi lo sa.* You know all I know now. There she is coming out of the supper-room leaning on the Russian Ambassador's arm. Well, it must be admitted that she is a handsome creature.'

A W E A R Y T H I N G .

THE dreary wind bends down the maple leaves,
And sweeps the rain-drops from them as it goes ;
The gentle night floats o'er the harvest sheaves,
And bathes in sleep the lily and the rose ;
Low on the hill-side lines of quiet lie,
Through the broad meadow comes the breath of flowers,
While the pale star-light falling from the sky,
Steals through the shadows to the forest bowers.

Beneath the shelter of the woodbine's leaves,
(The old, old woodbine that has blossomed well,
Creeping up slowly to the cottage eaves,
Where early dews and sunshine soonest fell,)
Young AMY stands, with wistful, earnest eyes,
Gazing across the meadows, through the lane,
Down to the valley where the village lies,
For one she loves, who cometh not again.

She hears the flutter of the night-bird's wings,
She hears the rustle through the tall grass creep,
The murmur of the brook — a thousand things,
That make the pulses of her being leap.
From off her parted lips there falls no sound,
The welcome lingers on them as of yore,
But ah ! the darkness draweth closer round,
And deeper seems the silence than before.

For long, long weeks has AMY watched at night,
For him who waked the first blush on her cheek,
For him, who cast the glow of love's young light
Across her pathway, once so bare and bleak ;
He taught her simple heart, unlearned and poor,
(Save in the language of its daily prayer,)
How rich it was, how great its happy lore,
Its love's intensity, its strength and care.

And she, with wonder in her downcast eyes,
Listened unto the music of his words
In dangerous silence, while in still surprise,
Her young heart fluttered like a forest bird's,
Until she loved him, and with simple pride
She bound anew the tresses of her hair,
Where gold and sun-light wavered side by side,
That she might come before him still more fair.

She wandered with him through the green old woods,
Within whose covers twilight slept and dreamed,
Where restless shadows danced in waving floods,
In quiet dells where sunshine never gleamed.
But when the red leaves fluttered down the air,
Golden and brown, with many a scarlet stain,
He left her, with the promise sweet and fair,
That with the spring flowers, he would come again.

Yet when the winter sped across the plains,
Leaving the sunny woodlands bare and gray,
And spring came sweeping down in pleasant rains,
Scattering wild blossoms by the forest way,
He came not back unto the quiet place,
Where AMY listened for his voice again ;
While hope came slowly blushing o'er her face
As oft she gazed adown the meadow lane.

In weary watching wore the spring away,
And AMY wept and hoped, yet wept the more,
Until the queenly summer, proud and gay,
Stood 'midst the lilies by her cottage door.
And every evening, when the twilight's kiss
Fell on her cheek, unnoticed and forgot,
She said : ' Ah ! me, a weary thing it is,
To watch and wait for one who cometh not ! '

And still she stands beneath the woodbine's leaves,
When the last sunbeams to the twilight yield,
Watching the shadows creeping o'er the sheaves
Of yellow wheat, out in the harvest field ;
Gazing across the meadow by the spring,
Down to the valley with its peaceful homes,
Saying : ' Alas ! it is a weary thing
To watch for one who never, never comes ! '

We *all* are watching as the days go by,
For some loved footstep which may come no more ;
The memory of its sounding lingering nigh,
O'er paths leaf-covered, rustling as of yore ;
We sit beneath the moonlight cold and chill,
In some remembered and familiar spot,
And with our pulses waxing faint and still,
We watch and wait for one who cometh not !

What matters it, if in the silent tomb,
Folded in slumber the beloved one lies ;
Unmindful of the pressure of the gloom,
Or of the darkness on the quiet eyes ;
What matters it, if o'er the ocean's swell,
The one most precious in a strange land roams ;
We wait his coming, though we know full well
We watch for one who never, never comes !

What if unspoken ills — and better thus —
Part us forever from the ones we trust ;
And the green paths through which they came to us
Lie buried in the long moss and the dust ;
We see the shadows fitting to and fro
Across their memories, and their silent homes ;
Oh ! 'tis the saddest thing the heart can know,
To watch for one who never, never comes !

STEAMING ON THE 'SANTA MARIA.'

ON the thirty-first of December, 1858, I landed from the brig 'Costa Rica,' Captain Chapman, in the queer little city of Aspinwall, which has the appearance of standing guard to prevent curious travellers from penetrating into the pathless mangrove swamp at its back, and from which it has been lately reclaimed.

I was to pass the winter on the Isthmus, as the South-American correspondent of the New-York ———, and after spending a day or two at this seemingly out-of-the-way point, where I was politely received and entertained by the gentlemen of the Panama Railroad, who are justly celebrated for their hospitality to that unfortunate class of human beings, newspaper reporters, whenever fate blows them into the tropics, via Aspinwall, I took my seat in the cars for Panama one fine morning, and after a delightful ride of three hours, over a fine, substantially-built railway, which wound through a dense tropical forest, around lofty volcanic peaks, across rivers and ravines, the train came to a stand-still in the passenger-dépôt at Panama. I hurried down to the shore, and for the first time in my life saw the waves from the great Pacific dashing at my feet.

During my ride that morning, I had been introduced to the commercial agent of the road, Mr. William Nelson, one of the oldest and most favorably-known foreign residents on the Isthmus, and in the course of half-an-hour's cozy chat, he informed me that he had been getting up an exploring and hunting expedition to the Santa Maria River, which empties into the Pacific about one hundred miles down the coast from Panama, and that a glorious party of American and Spanish gentlemen were to accompany him. The Company had placed their new steam-tug 'Flamingo' at his disposal, and abundant creature comforts had been provided for the cruise. Would I join the party.

I gladly accepted the polite invitation, and at six o'clock the following evening presented myself on board the 'Flamingo,' duly equipped with pistols and rifle, and presently after she cast loose from her moorings, and, with a ponderous iron launch in tow, steamed gracefully down the beautiful bay, dotted here and there with its strange cone-shaped islands, the prow pointed for the 'ever-peaceful ocean.'

It was a novel position for me, and I remained on the fore-castle as we swept on past Flamingo toward Tobago, watching the dark, irregular line which indicated the whereabouts of Panama's old crumbling walls, and the distant lights, which one by one disappeared, and there was only to be seen the quiet, moon-lit bay.

When the morning dawned, we were still moving down the coast, at a safe distance from it, but sufficiently near to mark all its prominent features. From the shore broad, sun-scorched plains stretched away, gradually rising as they receded, until they formed the base of the distant mountains. Ahead of us huge rocks shot up perpendicularly from the sea, relics of the volcanic action which, in times past, has distorted this coast; and away in the distance, a low peninsula extended far out into the bay, covered to the water's edge with the same dense pathless forest through which I had journeyed in my ride across the Isthmus.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we rounded the point above referred to, and sighted what appeared to be the mouth of a small river. Our native pilot assured us it was the Santa Maria; so we stood in with the flood-tide over an extensive sand-bar, which *scraped* acquaintance with our keel, and entered the river.

It was a strange-looking stream, and bounded by a strange-looking shore. So far as we could see, the river had no current save that made by the tide which was now setting inland pretty strong, as it here has a rise and fall of from eighteen to twenty-two feet. The bank nowhere gave any indication of having been worn away by washing, and the stream was entirely free from snags and sawyers. These circumstances awakened some doubts in the mind of Mr. Nelson, whether our pilot had not mistaken the place and brought us into an estero or elongated cove, frequently to be met with on the South-American coast, making up for miles into the country, but at high tide forming a respectable river, and at low tide nearly or quite destitute of that essential article to navigation — water.

On every side of us, stretching away further than the eye could reach, was one vast unbroken forest. The shore was lined with a tangled growth of mangrove bushes, and innumerable strange birds with long necks and legs were paddling around us; and huge alligators were reposing their disgusting lengths in the mud, until at our approach they disappeared with a sudden plunge, and we presently saw their scaly backs gliding through the water toward the other shore.

About six miles from the mouth of this singular stream, we came to anchor for the night opposite a little opening in the forest, covered with sand hills, and supporting a few stunted trees, resembling somewhat the burr-oak of the States. Soon the tide began to turn, and in two hours we were high and dry in the mud of a mangrove swamp.

Our pilot now confessed that he was lost, and that he knew nothing of the location of the place we were seeking. So, as soon as the returning tide would permit, Mr. Nelson took a couple of negroes and the life-boat and pushed up the estero. He returned about day-light

with an old Indian he had caught somewhere, who professed to know all about the country, and, had agreed to pilot us to the *Santa Maria*. Our new pilot was a queer-looking specimen of humanity. He might have been five feet one inch in height, but this is a liberal estimate; and was, without exception, the thinnest mortal I ever beheld. His dress consisted of the remains of a Panama hut, drawers which reached to his knees, and a shirt worn like a farmer's 'frock.' But he was quite intelligent, and seemed so well acquainted with the country, that he gained our confidence, which we afterward found had not been misplaced.

A little after flood-tide we again got under way, and steamed rapidly down the estero, anxious if possible to get over the bar at the mouth with that tide; but not daring to venture at slack-water, as we could not hope to get off if we grounded under such circumstances. As we swept round a bend in the estero, a mile or two below our anchorage, three beautiful red flamingos, a bird now seldom seen, flew up and alighted on a tree within long shot-gun range. Our sportsmen were mostly collected on the fore-castle, where they had been dealing destruction to the various birds with which the stream abounded, and a perfect broad-side was opened upon the flamingos, but as the range was long, without effect; when I gave them a shot with my rifle and brought one to the water. We wanted to secure it as a specimen, but the tide was rapidly running out, and we were afraid to stop the steamer. I received the congratulations of my friends upon making, under the circumstances, a fine shot, doubtless, a—chance one.

But we grounded on the bar after all; and a hunting-party went on shore, and returned with a fine supply of game just as the tide came in and released us: about four P.M. we got under way for the *Santa Maria* once more, then distant about twelve miles, almost in a straight line.

The little steamer behaved admirably, and just before sun-set we were off the mouth of the river, which, like the estero, was guarded by an extensive sand-bank, upon which we grounded; and the launch, having the wind fair, hoisted her immense mainsail and stood in on her own account, and soon disappeared round a curve in the stream. In the course of an hour we got off, and entered the *Santa Maria* with three hearty cheers and a 'tiger,' and a general discharge of fire-arms, while the engineer concluded the entertainment by performing a solo on the steam-whistle, which echoed and re-echoed through the deep, solemn forest which had never heard such a sound before.

It was a beautiful night, such an one as is only seen in the tropics. The moon had just risen, lighting up the splendid river which had never before been disturbed by a steamer's prow; and the dark forest

which cast strange sombre shadows over the water as we sped recklessly on, passing round bend after bend, until we came in sight of the lofty spar of the launch cutting sharply against the dark back-ground of the wood. They had lost their wind and came to anchor to wait for us, but we were too excited to stop for them, and steamed on, telling them to avail themselves of the first favorable wind to follow us.

About fifteen miles from the mouth of the river we came to anchor for the night.

It was scarcely day-light when I 'turned out' next morning; and after making my toilet, which consisted in putting on my hat, I went on deck. It was a morning worthy of the evening which had preceded it. The forest was literally alive with beautiful birds, strangers to me: paroquets were darting from tree to tree, filling the air with their discordant notes; and aquatic birds almost without number, some white as snow, and some prettily variegated, were wading in the margin, or nestling among the bushes on the shore.

Presently I observed, gliding cautiously round a bend in the river, an Indian canoe containing two men and a boy, who stopped short when they observed our strange craft, and seemed to be in deep consultation. I called Mr. Nelson, who came forward and invited them on board, which they at first declined, expressing very pointedly their opinion that the steamer was a 'bad spirit,' but finally Señor Obispo succeeded in quieting their fears, and they ventured alongside.

Our new friends were after the same pattern as our pilot of the estero, except that two of them were not so elaborately dressed. Having once ventured on board, they quickly became sociable, and were soon exploring the steamer from stem to stern. The engine-room pleased them, until Mr. Norman blew the whistle, when they vanished, much to that gentleman's satisfaction; then they got hold of Mr. Nelson's opera-glass, which passed from eye to eye with looks of utter bewilderment, and finally Norman put a climax to their astonishment by shooting an alligator, nearly half a mile distant, on the mud, with a fine Sharp's rifle we had on board.

The Indians paddled off in the canoe to examine the alligator, and finding it was really dead, they came back and eyed, with ill-disguised feelings of superstitious awe, the wonderful gun which would kill at such an unheard-of distance. In the course of the day, while the steamer was grounded upon a sand-bank upon which she run, Mr. Lee and myself took our guns and went on shore. With no little trouble we pushed our way through a dense thicket, and reached a comparatively open space, that is, free from under-brush, where the ground was covered with the tracks of deer and wild cattle, and the roots of the trees rose up two or three feet above the ground and

fenced it off into all manner of queer-looking little inclosures. Lee moved on in advance, and presently I heard the report of his gun, and hurrying forward, I found him standing beneath a large tree upon which was a number of the large brown monkeys of Central-America. He had killed one and wounded another, and called on me to try my hand. Selecting the largest, I gave him a rifle-ball, followed by a pistol-shot, neither of which appeared to have any particular effect upon his locomotion; then I gave him another pistol-shot and another rifle-ball, the last through the head, which finished him, but he had wound his tail round a limb in such a manner that his weight drew the tail 'taut,' and I lost another specimen.

Some six miles above the first anchorage our further progress was arrested by a reef; but as the launch could clear it, she was detached to explore the river a few miles further up, and a volunteer party, consisting of Mr. Lee, Señors Goganza, Maños, and the Bishop joined her.

For the next two days those of us who remained with the steamer made such explorations in the adjoining country as the dense, tangled forest, which extended on every side, would admit of; but finally some changes in the appearance of the tide awakened Mr. Nelson's fears that we might have trouble in getting out over the bar at the mouth of the river, and he deemed it expedient to communicate with the captain of the launch, direct him to return at once and get under way for Panama as soon as possible: we had already been gone much longer than we at first intended.

The Indians were still with us, and for a couple of dollars agreed to pull up the river in their canoe and carry a note to the captain of the launch; but just as they were going over the side, R —, the waggish correspondent of the *New-York Times*, approached and informed them in their own language that 'the eyes' (the opera-glass) could see four hynos, and the rifle could shoot the same distance, and that 'El Capaten' would watch them, and if they loitered by the way a ball would certainly follow them. Tough as the story was, they believed it, and pulled off with a will; but they had also believed, when they saw the sparks from our smoke-pipe when we first entered the river, and heard the unearthly scream of the steam-whistle, that a terrible monster or bad spirit had come to burn up the forest, and one of them we afterward learned, had been with difficulty restrained from drowning himself in the river from actual terror, and I do not know that one belief was more absurd than the other.

At midnight the launch reached us; she had penetrated as far as it was safe to venture, (and the steamer had, as it proved, ventured rather too far,) and as soon as the tide was right, we fired up for home.

Two days were consumed in reaching the mouth of the river, every bend of which now seemed to be guarded by a sand-bank upon which

we grounded, and were frequently obliged with infinite labor to get out heavy hawsers and attach them to large trees on the shore, to keep the knife-like little steamer from careening completely over when the receding tide left her high and dry, as it did many a time, and it was the wonder of all how we had ever passed up the stream so safely.

It was indeed a rub and a go getting over the bar at the mouth. For more than a mile the keel left a muddy wake, and on more than one occasion we almost gave her up for lost. For lost she would have been had she grounded there. But finally she reached deep water in safety, and we steamed away for Panama. Early the next morning we sighted Tobago, the English steamship anchorage, and stood in. We had just coal enough to take us in; it would not have taken us another mile, however, and provisions were pretty well used up. Dirty, sun-burnt, and tired, we pulled ashore in the life-boat, and were received with genuine English hospitality by the Company's gentlemanly agent, Mr. Jameson, who informed us that serious fears had begun to be entertained for our safety in Panama, owing to our long absence, and the steamer *Columbus*, Captain Dow, had been detailed to go in search of us that afternoon.

After a splendid impromptu entertainment at Mr. Jameson's hospitable board, and our other wants had been supplied, we bade our entertainer a reluctant 'good-by,' and steamed away for Panama fifteen miles distant.

Several of our party had touches of the Isthmus fever afterward in consequence of the exposure to the burning sun, but no serious results followed; and having had the satisfaction of being the first steam-voyagers on a beautiful river which winds through a beautiful wilderness, seldom visited by white men, we never regretted having joined Mr. Nelson's expedition to the *Santa Maria*, and hold ourselves in readiness to join him in any South-American land-cruise he may have in anticipation for the future.

M A N K I N D .

THE world of fools has such a store,
That he would not see an ass,
Must bide at home, and shut his door,
And break his looking-glass.

MY FRIEND, THE PROFESSIONAL.

IN the years '56 and '57 I was operating largely in Wall-street. I began treading this dangerous locality as many have before me, more from motives of curiosity than speculation. I saw fortunes lost and won in a day; men who borrowed the cash to buy a dinner one week, looking around the next for a fast team, and keeping two bank accounts. I could see this much clearer than I could see those who were beggared at a false turn of the dice, and wandered away to hide their agony or shame in some spot far enough removed from that of their ruin. It was easy enough to hear that Jones had made thirty thousand the day before by a rise in Erie, but it was not so frequently repeated that Robinson had lost a like amount by backing for a fall.

Fascinated by this, as I say, I went into Wall-street; I backed Erie, Reading, and Hudson River; I dabbled in the 'Fancies'; I played with scrip, and 'operated' generally. One day I could have bought fast horses, and opened an establishment on Fifth Avenue; the next I was worse than a beggar. Nothing but a name for bold and fortunate operations, coupled with an ignorance of my real position, sometimes saved me, and brought me from this abyss.

While I was carrying this gambling, as I must term it, through its most intricate financial moves, I was fortunate enough to be the instrument by which a house heavily engaged in the importation and sale of diamonds and precious stones, were saved from what would have been a loss of nearly sixty thousand dollars. I was perfectly satisfied at the time with their profession of thanks, but I must confess myself much more gratified when a few months later I had retired from my would-be financial position in Wall-street thoroughly skinned, they sought me, and offered a position that would allow me to travel with much ease and leisure, and very considerable profit.

I entered the service of Messrs. A —, I — and Company, as a messenger, to deliver gems already sold and to carry those from which customers would select, to cover their wants. I was not to attempt opening new sources of trade, unless so instructed by the 'house.' Our 'house' consisted of five partners, two of whom attended to the business in this country, and three conducted the European portion. Their place of business was one small room, containing two desks, a few chairs, and two iron safes, of which I believe I am estimating within bounds when I count their average contents at a million of dollars. There was a quiet, sleepy air about it; few entered the room, no strangers in fact; and the value of those safes I believe was known to scarcely half a dozen altogether. Two persons remained

in this room day and night, ready for any emergency short of an earthquake. I was the only employé of Messrs A —, I — and Company, with the exception of such persons as acted for them in the way of brokers, to buy whatever floating lots of precious stones might chance to be offered. I also was a buyer, being pledged in my articles of agreement to buy only for the 'house,' this being to prevent my entering on any private speculation for myself. That this stipulation was a necessary move for my principals, I soon learned, as under their instructions, I was directed to the manner of obtaining many fine gems in distant cities very much below their real value. Many will wonder at this, but the wonder will cease when once it is known how great is the ignorance respecting gems, especially away from the larger cities. Diamonds and gems are a commodity easy to circulate, and the holder and wearer, themselves sometimes ignorant of their real worth, are as likely to be compelled to part with them at some distant second-rate city as they would be at New-York. The point to be attained, is simply finding out into whose hands they have gone; and the chances are very large that they can be bought much below their real value, should a judge of the article see them. In this way I bought in Boston a gem worth eight hundred dollars for seventy-five dollars, the pawn-broker who sold it declaring he had been possessed of it for several years, which story I did not doubt, though it seemed wonderful that during this time he should not have learned its real value. Again, in Baltimore, I bought for one thousand dollars, the accumulation of gems from a pawnbroker, who acted as though he felt guilty of swindling me in the transaction, grasping the money and shoving away the worthless baubles in great haste; they were gems of every shade, size, cut, and setting, and were worth more than double the price the Hebrew demanded, and I willingly paid.

It was a painful thing oftentimes, this buying of gems—many of them perhaps wrung from the owners at the last point of agony for a mere pittance—the cherished relic of a parent, a brother, a sister, or one still dearer. I have lingered many times over the imagined history of these waifs that were soon to be divested of their setting and re-mounted in modern style, to grace the beauty of some fashionable fair.

The transitory ownership of diamonds in this country, has always been a matter of marvel to me: I scarcely expect them, as in Europe, to pass from father to son, or from mother to daughter; but the larger stones can so readily be traced, and so flit from hand to hand with such short periods intervening, that it seems strange any one should buy to possess for so short a period. A well-known lady of fashion once said: 'Own no diamonds, it occasions so much pain to part with them.' If this be true, then must Americans suffer great pain. I

have frequently been astonished at having offered me for sale, perhaps in Savanah or some other distant city, the same diamonds that within the year I had known sold in New-York, having possibly passed through several hands before being offered me.

New-Orleans, Mobile, and the Southern cities generally, are considered the best markets for diamonds; and it was to these spots generally my steps were bent, oftentimes bearing precious treasure with me in gems, and bringing back large amounts in money. My charges from the house were very strict to be always on the watch, and never to trust myself alone in any spot having the least air of suspicion. I had even without these charges invariably adopted every precaution, depositing my valuable cargo in banks, or in the safe of the hotel, whenever I arrived in a city; and never going by night or day into any unlighted or lonely part of the place carrying any thing of value. Coupled with this, I carried a revolver, always ready, in the breast-pocket of my coat, handy at a moment's notice. I flattered myself that these items of care were quite sufficient.

It was in the summer of 1857, and I was in New-Orleans, just preparing to start North. I was to come by the Mobile and Montgomery route. I did not consider coming up the river safe, when carrying value—the largest and best managed of the boats always swarming with thieves and blacklegs—as well as from my preference of the land route, and its being much the shortest. I had a large amount of money to bring with me, much of it in gold; a portion of this I had strapped in a belt around my body, the balance in a leathern bag, which I carried in my hand, never allowing it to leave that custody night or day, eating, drinking, or sleeping. I was all ready to start, looking around my room to see that every thing was packed, when a telegraphic message was brought me. I opened and read:

‘Be very careful and watchful coming up. You are followed, and may be robbed.

A —, I — AND COMPANY.’

This was not a pleasant anticipation for the long journey between New-Orleans and New-York; nevertheless, I was glad of the warning, and determined to keep both eyes open. I started, looking right and left, like a boy fearing ghosts. I believe that I never before tried so hard to analyze my fellow-travellers as upon that trip, or for the first two days of it. For forty-eight hours, I am convinced, I did not close my eyes, but on the third night nature gave way. I had taken the precaution to secure my leathern bag about my body with a cord I had provided for that purpose, and wrapped my travelling shawl well about this, after which, looking to my revolver, and curling myself into the most defensive position I could assume, I fell asleep, and

oh! for the tragic portion of my story, I awoke unrobbed, and finally arrived in New-York with my treasure in safety. I relate these circumstances to show that but for that telegraphic message, which caused me to take more than usual steps for defence, there can be no doubt that I should have been robbed, perhaps murdered, on that trip up, as my first greeting, when I arrived at the office, was the intelligence that I had been followed to New-Orleans and back by one of the most expert and desperate of New-York professional thieves.

This information had been communicated by a fellow who had formerly been on the police, but having been discharged, was then, and is now, acting as a policeman on his own responsibility, combined, as I believe, with thieves and burglars, using the rogues as long as it suits his purpose, and handing them over to justice when he has no further use. This man, whom I shall call Grabber, for shortness, was sent for and introduced. One look was enough to make me understand the fellow. There was no doubt the information he gave was true, but the question was, 'Why did he give it?' He could certainly have done better for himself by allowing me to be robbed, and then sharing with the robber the plunder. I thought of all this while Mr. Grabber was giving me the items, and felt sure there was something which I did not understand, but I strongly calculated on my ability to see my way clear in time. He informed me that a certain professional who prided himself on his dexterity and extensive mode of business, never 'touching' any body, as Mr. Grabber expressed it, for any thing small, had some how got wind of the fact that I carried large amounts of value; this knowledge of course on the gentleman's part could only be followed by but one resolve, which was to attain that value and carry it for me — a most laudable ambition. With this in view he had followed me to New-Orleans and back, fortune so favoring me that he got no chance on the entire trip.

There was a council of war held as to the best plan to be pursued, and the conclusion was arrived at that I must by some means see this professional gentleman. Mr. Grabber thought this could easily be managed, and the next evening was proposed as the time when he was to conduct me where I could have an opportunity of spotting the rian, that I might know him by sight should he again attempt to follow me.

The next evening, in accordance with the advice of Mr. Grabber, I made my appearance in an entire different suit from my usual wear, a false mustache and whiskers, with a few other well-managed theatrical effects, indeed so skilfully done that I rather debated in my own mind, like that historically famous little woman who, while peaceably carrying eggs to market, fell asleep on the king's highway, and suf-

ferred curtailment of her garments by a ruthless peddler bearing the name of Stout, I debated my own identity.

We started away from my rooms, Mr. Grabber being eminently conversational, questioning me closely as to my habits while travelling, how much I generally carried, how I carried it, and various other little questions which I some how suspected from the first Mr. Grabber would ask, and for which I had answers cut and dried. This information I think must have served him little if he relied on its truth. I thought by this time I saw through Mr. Grabber, but presently he noticed that the ring I had worn the day before, a very large and fine diamond, was not on my finger. Of this he spoke, and got in answer the fact that I had taken all my valuables, even to my watch, out of my pockets, only reserving a few dollars sufficient to pay for our supper when through. I could see Mr. Grabber's countenance fall on this, but why I cannot imagine; I can hardly believe that there was any intention on his part to make an attempt at me that night for the small amount he would have got, even had I kept on my watch and ring. Something there was in it, though to this day I have not been able to unravel it, unless the hypothesis is correct that it was his intention to hand me over in some indirect way to the tender mercies of a professional gentleman, trusting to the future to recompense him in a larger way.

After a smart walk we entered a place in Greene-street, a spot well known to the police as a noted resort of thieves, and still existing as such. It was plain to see that Mr. Grabber was at home, as within ten minutes he had dispatched three or four confidential conversationalists, and taken as many drinks with certain anxious questioners. While Mr. Grabber was engaged, I was made the subject of special attention by one smart young gentleman of the party. He first approached me with the question: 'What's up?' I respectfully declared, 'Nothing,' whereat the young gentleman consigned his soul to perdition, and repeated the question. I thought the matter might be getting serious; I therefore answered that I came there to wait for Mr. Grabber. With this the young gentleman looked at me inquiringly and said: 'What, not copped?' I did not exactly know what 'copped' meant, but felt rather certain I was not 'copped'; I therefore said so. 'Then,' said the young gentleman, 'drink.' Under all the circumstances, I thought it best to drink, feeling rather sure that my friend must be of a sensitive nature, and perhaps the refusal might offend. I did not seek information from the young gentleman, nor did he proffer much. His principal communication seemed to rest on Grabber's private character, of whom he made several strong hints, such as stating him to be 'downy,' 'a high old bird,' and several other observations of this nature, convincing me that my friend did not en-

certain any very high opinion of Mr. Grabber. In a few minutes a tall, gentlemanly man of about thirty entered the room; he seemed immensely popular and perfectly easy; he nodded to Grabber, and cast a passing glance at me; something whispered me directly that this was the man I was brought to see, and so it proved, Mr. Grabber having immediately notified me of that fact as soon as he could communicate with me without the gentleman's observing it. Presently Mr. Grabber brought the gentleman to the next table from the one where I sat ostensibly reading the newspaper, and strange to say, propounded the identical question that was offered to me, 'What's up?' to which, stranger still, the professional returned the same answer, 'Nothing.' Then Mr. Grabber said: 'You did n't get in on that New-Orleans arrangement?' The professional said he did n't, and seemed to fight rather shy of Mr. Grabber, as though he had known enough of Mr. Grabber, and was slightly suspicious. By this time I was getting a little uneasy, remembering the old adage that 'a dog that fetches a bone will carry a bone,' slightly distrustful myself, as it were, of Grabber, and counting over mentally what might be the result if it were known to these professional gentleman that I was a spy in the camp. I considered my business finished when I had once studied that man so that I might recognize him. This I had accomplished, and even more, I think; I had studied most of the professional gentlemen in that room, so that if I should meet any of them in time to come, I would be likely to know them again. With this end reached, I slipped quietly out, rather hoping in my own mind as I returned to my room, that some of them would discover the traitor in their camp and give him his deserts. No such good fortune awaited Mr. Grabber, as he turned up the next day as natural as life, a little the worse for whiskey, and deeply regretting that I had not staid awhile longer, as it was his intention to have brought the man out fully for my satisfaction. He however retailed the compliment to me that this professional gentleman declared I was too wide awake for him so far, but he would 'fetch me yet.' Mr. Grabber was anxious in his inquiries as to the period of my next departure, which I, with remarkable openness, told him would occur on that day week, at the same time resolving to get away the next night, in which I succeeded, starting in the evening train for Richmond, Virginia, where I had business.

I kept my eyes well about me all the way down, concluding the second night, as I went to my room at the Ballard House, that I had at least this time given the professional gentleman the dodge. I transacted my business and came up to Baltimore, where I was obliged to stay over night. The next morning I was issuing from the office of Barnum's, leather bag in hand, about taking my departure, when whom

should I see quietly walking backward and forward through the entry but my professional friend. If I did not jump physically it was not because I did not feel like it mentally. I wandered back to the office and called out one of the book-keepers with whom I was acquainted, describing the gentleman, and requesting that he would go into the hall, take a look, and let me know if he was stopping there, and how long. The book-keeper was back in an instant, pointing out the gentleman's name on the register, and giving the information that he had arrived in the same train as myself the night before.

I certainly had respect for that professional gentleman; I could not help it. If it were only for the deadly cool manner with which he saw me pass out on my way to the cars, even as though he were resolved upon a stay in Baltimore for at least three months, and I were one whom he had never before seen, and he had not set his life upon the hazard of my leathern bag.

After this, I was sure the professional gentleman was after me, though I did not see him any more until I arrived in New-York, where upon the third day of my stay I had the pleasure of meeting him full upon Broadway, in the broad glare of the sunshine. Two days after this I left New-York for Canada via Buffalo; the spirit of the professional gentleman was with me, and my bag on this trip well worth his acceptance. I began to feel a wild hilarity in the chase. I was detained in Buffalo one week, Toledo one week; at Toronto, while transacting business I saw the gentleman on the street. Ha! ha! unearthed again. By Jove! I began to love him. Away for Montreal. A long detention; almost three weeks; I hoped the professional gentleman's purse would stand the delay: I sincerely trusted he would not be obliged to give it up for the want of funds; I would much rather myself have been his banker than have the expedition fail from such an ignoble cause. Whether it was with this intent, or what my object might have been, I looked for my professional gentleman every where; I was at the hotels, in the parks, the promenades, the drives, and at church. I thought no certain calculation could be made on that gentleman; he might as readily turn up in church as elsewhere. I could not find him, and I was obliged, as I believed, to leave Montreal without him. Over by Rouse's Point, down the line to Burlington, from Burlington to Springfield. Ah! I have not lost my friend; I have the pleasure of dining with him at the Massasoit House. He is an epicure, by-the-way, wants birds, and sends for olives with his sherry. Perhaps, I thought, the poor fellow's business anxiety has been so great that this is the first good dinner he has eaten since he left New-York. Not for the world would I disturb it. How painfully unconscious was he of my presence; I trust I played my part as well, but I am afraid not. Away we went, my friend and I, (for I presume he travelled with me

though I did not see him,) to Boston; another detention in Boston; bad for my friend; if this goes on much longer he will not be able to dine on birds and drink sherry. I must hurry my business or I shall weary my friend and he will be obliged to return home without me.

At last I left the fair town of Boston behind me, having spent almost a month in its hospitable shades, during which time I had only had the pleasure of meeting my friend the professional once: that time it was over the glove counter of a fashionable dry-goods establishment in Summer-street. So fearful was I previous to this time that he had deserted me, and so gratified at meeting him again, that I could have thrown myself into his arms with a thrill of pleasure. I almost fancied there was a flash of intelligence passed between us as our eyes met.

And so I reached home after an absence of ten weeks: I relieved myself of my charge, run up my accounts, brought all square and right, related my adventures with my friend the professional, 'shouldered my crutch and showed how fields were won,' and engaged myself to dine with the elder partner of the house that evening. I had only about time to return to the hotel, wash, bathe, dress, and beautify. I considered myself now at home for a holiday of two weeks at least; no more watching necessary, no more sleepless nights, no more fingering of revolvers in breast-pockets. That article was carefully laid away, divested of its caps, for a rest after its arduous duties, while I should play the gentleman.

A very pleasant dinner we had. I was called on for the story of my professional friend; his perseverance was praised, and his retiring modesty made the subject of eulogy. His absence was lamented, but in his absence we drank his health and better success to his next adventure. It was a pleasant dinner, therefore we sat late into the night; I am pretty sure it was after midnight when I bade the old gentleman 'good-night' on the stoop; he had been cautioning me not to relax my vigilance even now while I was off my duty, as I could not make any calculation in the matter; this man, he said, might imagine that he could not take me amiss at any time; that he was not to know that I left all matters of value away from me while in the city, and perhaps might strike a blow when I would not be on the look-out. This was putting the matter in a new light, and I must admit a most uncomfortable one. I thought of it as I turned out of Thirty-first street on to the Fourth Avenue, but soon dismissed the idea. The cars did not overtake me, and I walked on; I thought of my professional friend, and the trouble I had been to him without any reward. I thought how bad was the miscarriage of his speculation; three months' time, and countless sums of money for birds and sherry, without any return,

unless he had been fortunate enough to pick up some trifles on the way. All this I was revolving in my mind when I heard a soft step coming close behind me; I was passing under a gas lamp at the time; I turned my head quickly, and the blood stood still at my heart. One moment only. There stood my friend the professional!

I trust I shall not lose character by this confession, but that it will be taken into consideration that my nerves were considerably shattered by three months' travel and — my professional friend. I cast one long, lingering thought to that revolver lying uncapped in my trunk at the hotel; I took a sudden mental inventory of my pockets and — oh! that I should make so dreadful a confession — ran! ay, Sir, ran!

I have never seen my friend since that evening. I freely confess that I was frightened, and thought it entirely useless to attempt to show what I did not feel. 'The better part of valor is discretion,' and I showed this latter quality. I have frequently been asked how it could be that this rascal could have kept himself so well advised of my movements. I do not pretend to account for it beyond the supposition of his treating it as a business, and by making his inquiries properly among the servants in a hotel, who are always ready to act as spies for a fee, he managed to keep the run of my departures. Combined with this, he could pretty well understand the routes I would take; perhaps sometimes he would lose me, then he would chase me up again. In this way, by devoting his entire energies to the matter, it is not strange that he kept my track so well.

Since that time I have had several attempts made to get possession of that leather bag, but none of them held any importance beside the efforts of the man who followed me over the land for nearly four months in all. Peace be with him!

F O R B E A R A N C E .

'CALL me not, Love, unthankful, or unkind,
That I have left my heart with thee, and fled:
I were not worth that wealth which I resigned,
Had I not chosen poverty instead.

'Grant me but solitude! I dare not swerve
From my soul's law — a slave, though serving thee.
I but forbear more grandly to deserve:
The free gift only cometh of the free.'

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

ALMOST A HEROINE. By the Author of 'Charles Auchester,' 'Counterparts,' etc. Boston: TICKOR AND FIELDS. 1859.

THE signal merit of 'Almost a Heroine,' as of the previous novels of the unknown but certainly very young authoress, is that it dwells in a region of peculiarly refined sentiment and thought. The characters move in a world of delicate sympathies and motives, of which we read with something of the interest that we take in the garden of Eden, the halls of the Valhalla, the isles of the blest, or the millennial ages. Yet, the book is not a light romance of the ideal and impracticable; it is written with great intensity of feeling, and exhibits very peculiar and remarkable power; and it is plain that the authoress thought she was treating this life, and dealing with it to a purpose. But though the temper, style, and meanings of her last are precisely the same as of her earlier novels, the execution seems to us far less elaborate and matured. Indeed the whole work is an example of a glorified nebular state. The unresolved nebulae of music, mesmerism, temperaments, sympathetic marvels, and romantic motives make the staple of the story, and ideas as distinguished from impressions, a plot as distinguished from a succession of moods, or characters as distinguished from the obedient subjects of certain weird and, for aught we know, astrological and alchemistic influences, are not to be found in the volume. It is only the mental power of the writer, the serious persistency with which she dabbles in the metaphysics of the passions, the charming *à plomb* with which she announces her mystical doctrines, as if they were solid human interests, and a conviction that her mental and sentimental tendencies are in the main right and admirable though adapted only to persons of a certain literary and social culture; it is only these considerations that can induce the reader to be interested in her eccentric characters, who are almost universally doing, so far as they are doing any thing, just what nobody in the world would ever think of doing. There is one eminent

exception. The reader, Mr. MAJOR, who does the literary work for a great London publishing-house, is perhaps the most real character the authoress has ever drawn, and forcibly reveals the kind of habits and discipline under which the abounding literature of our time is produced. Altogether, 'Almost a Heroine' pleases us as the freak of a very serio-romantic and interesting person.

BOOK OF THE CHESS CONGRESS. By DANIEL W. FISKE. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON.

Now, when the star of Calisa is more completely in the ascendant than ever before, when the triumphs of MORPHY and the petulance of STAUNTON, the graceful submission of continental champions to their youthful conqueror, and his own quite as graceful acquiescence in the blushing honors so thickly heaped upon him, have made the theme of this volume familiar in men's mouths as household words, its author has been most timely in his labors; its appearance is at once welcome and significant. The intellectual and absorbing game that Mr. FISKE here celebrates is worthy of the chronicle which he bestows. Its history is curious and interesting in the extreme, full of odd and romantic incidents connected with events in the career of hundreds of distinguished men and women; it has given rise to innumerable bon mots; it has been the subject of disquisitions and discussions by people of learning and taste; it furnishes now the topic for one of the most readable volumes recently issued from the teeming press of the metropolis. Those who fancy that only chess-players would find this 'Book of the Chess Congress' worth looking at, are vastly mistaken; indeed the title does no justice to the scope of the work or the toils of the writer. The 'book,' it is true, contains a minute and elaborate history of the proceedings of the famous Chess Congress in 1857, that occurred in New-York, and first made PAUL MORPHY's fame continental or hemispherical; it details from inception up to its triumphant conclusion the entire enterprise; it sets forth all the problems and their solutions; it furnishes a record of the great games then lost and won between such players as MORPHY, PAULSEN, LICHTENHEIN, MEEK, STANLEY, FULLER, and RAPHAEL; it is indeed invaluable to the chess student, by thus initiating him into the practice of the masters of this noble art. But others than those devoted to the game may find here information such as they would look for elsewhere long and in vain, but such as once found, will well repay the search.

The introductory sketch of the history of chess is extremely readable; crammed with out-of-the-way bits of intelligence, curious anecdotes; down-right fascinating too by the enthusiasm of the writer and the hearty, the almost irresistible manner with which he carries you along. Then the incidents in the history of American chess constitute an exceedingly able chapter, one that just now will have a peculiar appropriateness, and probably be read not only at home,

but abroad. People will wait to know more about the antecedents of the chess public which has produced a man not only able to cope with the greatest intellects of Europe, but whose deeds throw into the shade whatever has been done before his day in this field of exertion, acknowledged every where to test the highest powers of mind. Not only MORPHY, however, but BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, AARON BURR, even HAROUN AL RASCHID, CHARLES XII., EUGENE BONAPARTE, PHILIDOR, CHARLEMAGNE, the Siamese, the Japanese, as well as occidental people, are all made tributary to the interest of the volume.

What, perhaps, will interest the general reader more than any other portion, is the narrative contributed by Professor ALLEN, of the University of Pennsylvania, of the 'Automaton Chess-Player's Career in America;' this is in fact the most original part of the work. It is told in clear and sometimes elegant language; and is the story of one of the most singular successes that have ever occurred, full of incident, affording glimpses at character and insuring the attention of the reader quite up to its close.

We find no censure with the book; we allow it unstinted praise, for the best reason in the world; we can't find any thing to carp at; and its positive merits are quite as positive as we are in setting them forth. To chess-players and students, and they are legion now, it must be considered indispensable, and other lazy people, ladies who abhor the profound mysteries of the sixty-four squared board, and desultory readers, will thank us for calling their attention to a story-book as entertaining as a novel, or a volume of information as valuable as a chapter in the 'Curiosities of Literature.'

THE RECTORY OF MORELAND: OR MY DUTY. Boston: J. E. TILTON AND COMPANY. 1860.

CLERGYMEN are becoming favorite subjects with the novelists, and many of them would be much advantaged if they should make a careful study of the characters which romancers assign them. They would thus not merely see themselves as others see them, but see themselves as they are seen, by the most intelligent and thoughtful persons who listen to them. For the authors, and especially the authors of novels, now form a corps rivalling the clergy in intellectual and moral power and in popular influence, and some of the recent romantic illustrations of the clerical character are among the finest types of human devotion and heroism. Such an one is the Rev. Mr. MARSHALL, the rector of Moreland, and the central figure in a group of characters that represent the better features and circles of American domestic and social life. The 'Rectory of Moreland' is a happily conceived story told with effect, and though containing all the romance of love, it is studiously suggestive of religious and moral ideas. In respect of paper and typography, this is the handsomest novel of the season.

JESSIE ALLISON: OR, THE TRANSFORMATION. By MARY A. RICHARDS. With an Introduction by MRS. BRADLEY. New-York: SHELDON AND COMPANY. 1859.

WE have, we believe, in this pleasant story, by the wife of our popular artist and author, T. ADDISON RICHARDS, the first published production of her pen. The scene is laid on the banks of the Hudson. The various characters are well delineated, and the interest sustained to the last. Four spirited illustrations add considerably to the little volume, which we heartily commend to our juvenile readers.

RHYMES OF TWENTY YEARS. By HENRY MORFORD. New-York: H. DEXTER AND COMPANY, Number 113 Nassau-street. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS.

MR. MORFORD is a feeling and effective lyrist. He has thoughts 'that breathe' of affection, and inculcate good and kindly influences, if he has not 'words that burn.' We commend his handsome volume to the attention of our readers, for many merits, which they will be at no loss to discriminate upon perusal. We select two examples of his manner, which present a fair criterion of his powers. The first is entitled '*Sadness of the Evening Rain:*'

'ALL day long against the casement
Has the heavy south wind beat;
All day long the pools have widened
In the wet and dreary street;
But the night has thickened o'er us,
And I listen to its sound,
As if something, long departed,
With the night was gathering round.

'Sadness stealeth o'er my spirit,
Silent sadness, not of pain,
Such as ocean's murmur bringeth—
Coming with the evening rain.
I am lonely, very lonely,
But I would be so an hour,
And let by-gone thoughts and feelings
Bring their saddening, soothing power.

'I will stand amid the rain-drops,
With the night wind round my head,
And call up departed faces
Of the absent and the dead.
I will shut my eyes and see them
As they looked so long ago,
I shall hear their pleasant voices
In the rain-drops murmuring low.

'I will think of thee, my mother,
In thy grave of many years;
I will think of thee, but never
With the grief that bringeth tears;
For thou hast not lived to sorrow
O'er my ways, so weak and wild;
Thou hast never known the footsteps
Of thy poor and wayward child.

'Close beside thee in the church-yard
Sleeps the fairest of our line;
Loved and lost, my dove-eyed sister,
Half of earth and half divine.
But two years our darling lingered,
When the mother's voice had died,
And she passed away in autumn,
And we laid her by thy side.

'O'er your heads the rain is falling,
O'er your graves the wind is chill;
But your memory has not left us,
And your presence lingers still:
And we think of you when evening
Has its robe of darkness on,
When the rain is in the heavens,
And the happy stars are gone.

'I will think of pleasant faces
That have shone across my way,
That have faded in the spring-time
And gone back again to clay;
Old time friends, and loved companions,
Buried in their early prime,
All, whose death has cast a shadow
O'er my spirit's morning time.

'They are here, as once I knew them;
I will shut my eyes and dream
That the touch of time and sorrow
Has not made us what we seem.
They are gone, and I am lonely,
Musing in the evening rain,
Of all by-gone times and seasons
That will never come again.'

'*The Wail of the Mother*,' in a different measure, is, not less felicitously executed, and is replete with true feeling :

'Our child, in the beautiful robes of the dead,
Lay calm on his last white pillow,
And the grief that he left us broke wild
overhead,

As o'er the lost wreck breaks the billow ;
It seemed that our hearts in the desolate
grave

Should be laid down to perish beside him ;
We felt that our pleadings no longer could
save,

Nor our hands from corruption divide him.

'They laid him away in the cheerless hall,
Where the cold of the winter was creeping,
Where the curtains flapped on the bare
white wall —

So unlike the warm couch of his sleeping ;
And the poor mother spoke, as they hid his
dear form,

That one moment most bitter and trying :
'I have kept him so long in my own bosom
warm,

And now in the cold he is lying !'

'They covered the coffin, and dark fell the
cloud

As we stood the dead sleeper surrounding,
And we saw the thick sky with the heavy
rain bowed,

And we heard the loud storm-wind sound-
ing.

Then the grief of the mother broke forth
with a wail —

The last heavy outburst of sorrow :

'They are taking him from us, all frozen
and pale,

It will rain on his grave to-morrow.'

'Oh desolate mother ! O bitterest grief

That troubles the deep heart of woman !

It is well that God's hand holds the coming
relief,

That our pains like our pleasures are hu-
man.

It is well that we know that the cold beats
in vain

On the spirit unchained and immortal,
And that falls the broad sunshine, as well

as the rain,

On the grave which is heaven's own
portal.'

The volume is executed with much typographical neatness, and is farther embellished with a finely-engraved likeness of the author.

GERMAINE. By EDMOND ABOUT. Translated from the French, by MARY L. BOOTH. Boston : J. E. TILTON AND COMPANY. 1860.

THIS is one of the latest and most perfect novels of EDMOND ABOUT, who is certainly, in respect of style, one of the best living writers. The reader is immediately struck by the precision, delicacy, and grace of the dialogue, which never touches an irrelevant subject, and scarcely tolerates a superfluous word, and which consists not so much of a succession of mere statements as of a series of witty and delicate explosions. The whole cast of the work reveals that high intellectual and artistic power which can grasp an idea, a character, or a phase of life, and work it out into well-defined beauty and order apart from the chaos of things in general. The plot has much of the usual French wildness about it, and reveals some very curious social concatenations. It begins with an odd passion on the part of Count VILLANERA to marry a wife who shall die no matter how soon after the marriage. GERMAINE is found, given over to the consumption by her physician ; the marriage ceremony is performed, but the bride begins from that time to recover, and before the close of the book, she is proof against even arsenic. The disappointment occasioned by her recovery brings several interesting plans to a climax, not the least of which is that of a most accomplished and fascinating Parisian villain, Mme. CHERMIDY. The wonderful purity and beauty of the style of the original reappear in the translation, which proves the skill and taste of the lady who undertook the task.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LATE CHARLES M. LEUPP. — Our first acquaintance with the late lamented CHARLES M. LEUPP began many years ago, as was mentioned in a brief reference which we made to his death, in our last number. We were both bachelors and fellow-boarders at Mrs. P — n's, number 286 Broadway, then directly opposite the old 'WASHINGTON Hall' Hotel, now STEWART's renowned dry-goodshery. At first we took a singular disaffection toward each other — a sort of 'I do not like you, Dr. FELL' feeling, which neither of us could ever afterward explain to our mutual satisfaction. It was a company of choice spirits, that 'band' of bachelors, which bound together the well-spread tables of Mrs. P — ; who, with her two daughters, contributed not a little to the true '*home feeling*,' so generally absent from what are usually termed 'fashionable' boarding-houses. Dinner at five, always, and a cold supper from nine till ten. One night we came 'home' about half-past nine — we had closed negotiations for the purchase of the KNICKERBOCKER that very day — and sat down at the table; there was a rubbing of hands, a spreading out of the napkin, a smacking of lips, and general APICIAN eagerness to devour the cold chicken, partridge, etc., *represented* by the fat legs and other 'terminations,' which protruded from beneath the silver covers. They were removed, when lo! the trick of the laughing fellow-boarders around us stood revealed. No vultures could have made cleaner work. There was no aliment, no nutriment, no 'black' meat or 'white' — 'no nothing!' The joke, however, was as good for us as it was for our jeering comrades; and leaning back, disappointed though we were, ours was the heartiest guffaw of them all — it was such a ridiculous display for so small a result! We soon had our cold supper, however, and our subsequent revenge also; for we sent the whole jubilant party, a night or two after, down Broadway to witness an exhibition of '*The Educated Fleas*,' a 'show' which we pronounced the most 'remarkable' that we had ever seen; and 'humbugously' speaking, it *was*. When they returned, they looked as if the 'cover' had been removed for *nothing*! From this time forward, the ice between us and our lamented friend

was broken forever. He was at that time a clerk for Mr. GIDEON LEE, the largest leather-dealer in the 'Swamp,' as was Mr. LEUPP, who succeeded him, in the same locality, at the time of his death. How many of our older readers will remember the pleasant gatherings at the cheerful, hospitable residence of the departed, in Amity-street; the elegant, unostentatious entertainments; the instructive, entertaining, enlivening converse! There were to be met the members of the old 'New-York Sketch-Club,' and of 'The Column;' and there, one night, twelve of 'us' opened the ball for '*The Century*.'

'CHILL November's surly blasts
Make fields and forests bare'

as we write: and as we hear them, we cannot choose but think, in this season of 'passing away,' of many of those whose names were upon the little half-sheet of paper drawn up on that occasion: two of whom, so much alike in varied and liberal culture, in generousness, lovable natures, and retiring worth, are long gone hence — DANIEL SEYMOUR and JOHN NELSON, Jr. Others, too, who were then present, have also departed; but we mention these, because their facile and fertile pens often enriched the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER.

And for how many '*Good Things*' were we indebted to our appreciative and mirth-loving friend, LEUPP! Seldom did we meet him, that he had not some 'good thing' which he 'had kept' for us — whether we encountered him in Broadway, or in his old familiar street in the 'Swamp,' as we were on the way to our printing-office, in the same locality. Let us recall one or two of these 'Good Things' which came to us in his manuscript, written years ago. He caught the salient-points of a character or an incident with a quick eye, and had the power in narration to transfer either to your mind in a twinkling. A single 'specimen' will verify our assertion:

'I STUMBLED on a character the other evening,' writes a friend, 'on board a steam-boat, which presented some traits that I thought rather original and unique. I daguerretyped him on the spot. I had just finished supper, and was quietly enjoying my cigar on the deck, when I heard an individual declaiming in a loud tone of voice to some two or three attentive listeners, (but evidently intended for the benefit of whomsoever it might concern,) on pathology. Being as it were thus invited, I also became a listener to something like the following: '*There it is now!* Well, some people talk about *seated* fevers. I do n't know any thing about *seated* fevers; there aint no such thing as seated fever. A musquito-bite is a fever; cure the bite, and the fever leaves you. So with a *bile* — just the same thing; there aint no *such thing*, I tell you, as seated fever. The fact is, your regular doctor prae-tizes according to books. I prae tize according to common-sense. Now there was Dr. RUGG, of our village, the SAMPSON of the Materier-Medieker. Well, *he* treats fevers according to the books; consequence is, I get all the patients. : and he says to me one day, says he, 'why,' said he, 'how *is* it, you get all the fever cases?' And I told him exactly how it was, and it *is* so. 'Well, Doctor,' interrupted one of the listeners, 'how *do* you treat fevers?' 'Well, *there it is*; you ask me how I treat fevers! If you had asked me when I first commenced prae-tizing I could ha' told you; can't tell you now. I treat cases just as I find 'em, according to common sense. And *there it is* : now there was Mrs. SCUTTLE; she was taken sick; all the

folks said she had the consumption; had two doctors to her; didn't do her a single mossel 'o good. They sent for *me*. Well, as I went into the house, I see a lot o' tanzy and a flock o' chickens by the door: felt her pulse: says I, 'Mrs. SCUTTLE, you aint no more got the consumption than I've got it. Two weeks, an' I cured her!' 'Well, Doctor, how did you cure her?' *How* did I cure her? *There it is* ag'in! I told you I see a lot of tanzy and a flock of chickens growing at the door. I gi'n her some of the tanzy and a fresh-laid egg — brought her right up. It's *kill* or *cure* with me! In fact, I call myself an officer. My saddle-bags is my soldiers, and my disease my inimy. I rush at him; and 'ither he or me has got to conquer. I never give in!'

'My cigar was out; and while lighting another, the doctor vanished: possibly hastened by the influence of one of his own prescriptions.'

We wish we could lay our hand upon a sketch which Mr. LEUPP also sent us, describing a toothless old fellow at Blossom's Hotel in Canandaigua, trying to devour the claw of a lobster, a fish he had never 'tasted on afore,' and the '*peth*' of which, when he had drilled down to it, he said he 'kind o' liked!' It was *very* rich: and so is this:

'THERE was much surrounding cachinnation where this circumstance was mentioned the other evening: A man who was 'somedele' fond of lobsters, was wistfully regarding a basket of them in the market, with his dog by his side, while another by-stander was sticking the end of his cane into one of the disengaged claws of a big fellow at the top. 'How he does hold on!' said the man with the cane. 'Yes,' responded the man with the dog, 'but it's because he '*dents* the cane. and his claws won't slip on the wood. But he could n't hold on to a critter, or you or I, in that way. When he feels any thing *givin'*, a lobster always stops pinchin'.' 'Guess *not*,' said the owner of the basket: 'you put your dog's tail in that there claw, and you'll *see* whether he'll hold on't or not.' No sooner said than done: the lobster-lover lifted up his dog, dropped his tail into the open claw, which closed instantly, and the dog, 'as smit by sudden pain,' ran off howling, at the top of his speed. 'Hello!' exclaimed the owner, 'whistle back your dog: d—n him! he's runnin' off with my lobster!' 'Whistle back your *lobster*!' rejoined the other; '*that* dog aint coming back; that dog's *in pain*. I can't git him to come near me when he's in pain!' That humane citizen dined that day upon as fine a lobster as there was in *that* basket, 'any how!'

The very last time that we met Mr. LEUPP, certainly not six weeks before his death, we were on our way to 'GRAY's, whose vast establishment fronts on the short street which ends, downwardly, directly opposite the spacious 'old stand' of GIDEON LEE, late that of his successors, 'CHARLES M. LEUPP AND COMPANY.' Sitting in an arm-chair near the delivery doors, he detained us a moment to mention an amusing anecdote which he had heard the night before. It is 'strange, passing strange,' *now*, to think, that in his mind, even at that period, must have been transiently, those 'vague imaginings of an undefinable terror,' which afterward took entire possession of his wandering thoughts: the walls and lofty ceilings of his noble mansion were toppling down upon him; enemies were encamped about him; and he 'trembled at armed men.' Surely, 'there is no ruin like the ruin of a noble mind!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Our old friend and *umquhile* frequent correspondent, (he has been 'faulty' to compel *us* thus to write, by not having written more for us *himself*;) sends us the following from his Parisian sanctum :

'DEAR KNICK: Some few of your readers may possibly recollect a certain Greek controversy that raged once upon a time, one of the points involved in which was the scene of Æschylus' Agamemnon. To such, the opinion of one of the most accurate and accomplished of living scholars, Mr. W. G. CLARK, of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the question, will not be uninteresting. I therefore inclose, without further preface, the following extract from his late work, 'Peloponnesus.' Though I cannot claim Mr. CLARK as coinciding with my former views — indeed he seems to regard the whole dispute as rather a *skiomachy* — there are some passages, particularly the italicized one about the 'loose use of Argos,' which agree very closely with what appeared eleven years ago in your pages from the pen of

'Yours ever,

CARL BENSON.'

'THE mention of the Agamemnon reminds me of some body else's theory, that ÆSCHYLUS meant the scene to be laid at Argos, not Mycenæ, because the summit of Arachne, the last link in the fiery beacon-chain, is visible from the former, but not from the latter city. Such rigorous exactness, I am convinced, is quite alien from the spirit of ÆSCHYLUS, and of all the old poets. ÆSCHYLUS, and every one of his audience, saw daily the top of Arachne towering preëminent among the Argive hills. No one's sense of probability would be shocked by the natural supposition, that it would be seen from Mycenæ, which lay almost at its feet. We must not fetter the free mind of the ancient poets by such matter-of-fact laws, nor, as readers, expect them to observe restrictions which their auditors did not impose. Those who saw no absurdity in the arrival of Agamemnon only half an hour after his telegraphic message, were not likely to cavil on a minute point as to the topography of a foreign country. On the other hand, I do not venture to affirm that ÆSCHYLUS laid the scene of his play not at Argos, but at Mycenæ. The scene is 'before the palace at the Atreidæ, and I question whether he wasted a second thought upon its site. There is not in all the play the faintest allusion to the scenery of the Argive plain, or the relative position of its cities. ÆSCHYLUS had evidently been a diligent reader or hearer of HOMER — his characters, language, and allusions prove this — inasmuch that a saying was attributed to him, 'that his dramas were but fragments from the great Homeric banquet.' He could not, therefore, have been ignorant that Mycenæ was constantly spoken of by HOMER as the city and abode of the Atreidæ; and yet throughout the play there is no mention of Mycenæ. Argos occurs several times in the sense of the country, and Argeioi for the people. Homer uses 'Argos' with four different limitations; first, as the city of Diomed; second, as the kingdom of Agamemnon; third, as comprising also the kingdom of Menelaus; and fourth, as a generic name for all Greece. Now, in the days of the Attic dramatists, the term Argos was by universal usage in common life applied only to the city; hence arose doubtless a certain confusion in the popular mind in regard of the Homeric 'Argos,' and a disposition to credit the city with all that had been attributed to Argos in the wider meanings. And no doubt the citizens of Argos, as they transported the people of Mycenæ and incorporated them with their own body, were anxious also to appropriate their ancient legends and heroic fame. 'The Agamemnon' was represented ten years after this final destruction of the ancient capital of the Atreidæ. The fact that the poet does not mention the city, seems to indicate that its fate excited little notice or sympathy in contemporary Greece.

'If the Argive topography of ÆSCHYLUS is thus indefinite and negative, that of SOPHOCLES is elaborately wrong. In the opening scene of the *Electra*, the 'Pædagogus,' addressing ORESTES, says: 'Here is the ancient Argos you were longing for, and this the Lycean agora of the wolf-slaying god,' (to wit, the market-place of the town of Argos;) 'and this on the left is the renowned temple of Hera, and, at the place we are come to, believe that you have before your eyes Mycenæ, rich in gold, and here the blood-stained house of the Pelopidæ.' No one reading this description would infer that Argos was between five and six miles distant, and the Heræum nearly two. The truth was, that neither SOPHOCLES nor his 'Pædagogus' thought of administering a lecture on topography under the guise of a dramatic entertainment, as MILTON or BEN JONSON might have done; so far from it, he held the entertainment to be all in all, and made topography and every thing else give way to it. He wanted to produce an effect by bringing Argos, Mycenæ, and the Heræum within the compass of a single *coup d'œil*, and I warrant that not one of the spectators was pedantic enough to quarrel with him for it. He would not have taken similar liberties with the neighborhood of Athens — on the contrary, in the '*Edipus at Colonus*' he is rigorously exact, because the audience were too familiar with the scene not be shocked at any departure from fact; and in that case the most powerful effect was to be obtained by adhering to it. I remember to have read a play of M. VICTOR HUGO's, called, I think, '*Marie Tudor*;' where the scene opens with the following stage direction: '*Palais de Richmond: dans le fond a gauche l'Eglise de Westminster, à droite la Tour de Londres.*' Not one of the audience would be shocked by this impossible compression, and therefore the poet was quite justified in annihilating space to make a thousand people happy. If either play would have gained a little by the change, M. VICTOR HUGO would not have hesitated a moment to make the *Abbey* and the *Tower* change places, nor SOPHOCLES to transfer the *Temple of Hera* from the left hand to the right.'

'*Pantamiga*' is the odd name of a desultory dish, with a foretaste of which a new correspondent has favored us. It is called after a sort of *salmagundi* which he and his fellow-students used occasionally to have at 'college-commons,' of the composition whereof they were 'mainly ignorant.' We extract some nice 'plums' from this dish; omitting such portions as are not to our taste, which for the nonce we assume to be also the taste of our readers. The days of sprites and elves, let us say to our correspondent, have well-nigh gone by; and if his 'fairy thoughts' are *not* to 'enter houses made with hands,' he might as well husband them unwritten. Our friend should be less 'subjective,' and more 'objective.' The little bird-incident is exceedingly pretty:

'I AM a quiet, dreamy sort of man, not given to much speaking, for which reason I am not a general favorite with ladies; more a student of nature than of books, though I confess to a fondness for the writers of a century or two ago; and withal a lover of the angle, a patient disciple of father IZAAC, an occupation to whose gentle influence I owe whatever of good my friends may discover in me.

'My religious faith, that there may be no fear of heterodoxy in any thing I write, you will find in pious old WALTON's last will and testament, and is so short that it may be quoted here. 'I do declare my belief to be that there is only one God who hath made the whole world, and me, and all mankind; to whom I shall give an account of all my actions which are not to be justified, but I hope pardoned, for the merits of my SAVIOUR JESUS.' There it is, and enough, too, to take you and me to heaven if we believe it, and St. PETER will open the crystal gates to that talisman as quickly as to the Westminster Catechism, Thirty-nine Articles, and all the creeds of Christendom combined. And I tell you, dear KNICKERBOCKER, none but a fisher-

man could have made such a simple, concise, yet comprehensive exposition of his religious faith. It is the result of calm morning rambles by the brookside while 'night's viewless rain' yet glistened in the early sun-light, and the air vibrated to the song of the lark that 'quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth again, which she would not touch but for necessity,' or quiet evening sittings by the lake margin, when the nightingale calls the world to vespers, and the air becomes fragrant with the incense of prayer, and the 'still small voice' sounds like far-off music; and knowledge and insight of spiritual things fall upon the heart as imperceptibly as light or dew upon the earth.

'Blessed are they who study the CREATOR in His works, for unto them will He reveal HIMSELF; sometimes as JUPITER before SEMELE in thunders and lightnings, and the dread insignia of power; oftener in gentle forms that seem 'to witch the heart out of things evil.' God is continually covering the walls of Nature with a hand-writing that to the mass of mankind is as mystical as was the 'Mene mene Tekel Upharsin' to BELSHAZZAR and his lords, and with inscriptions, too, quite as startling, were it not that the fingers which write them are concealed. Nor is the prophetic gift of interpretation always found where you would most expect it. Now, as many years for a kindred revelation, not many wise, not many noble are chosen. There are DANIELS in what the world would call the lower strata of society, who fed on pulse and water all their days, yet in fairness of spiritual character, and natural knowledge and skill, excel those who have eaten at king's tables.

'Several mornings ago, while walking, I heard some one say: 'Did n' you hear them leetle birds a-singin' this mornin'? Guy! I know when a pleasant day's comin'. I turned, expecting to see some high-priest; some Roman vates clothed in his sacerdotal robes and seated on his mural throne. It was only a milkman dealing out his commodity in a pint-cup. But I felt a sympathy with him at once. A man who thus constructs an ornithological barometer, who judges the weather by the wild birds' song, must be learned in the varied dialects of Nature, though his tongue should be unschooled in MURRAY's rules. When I afterwards met him in another street, I bowed to him with a hearty good-will that fairly frightened him.

'An old number of your magazine, MR. EDITOR, is before me as I write, and the sight of it reminds me that there are two things connected with it which I hope may never change, and they both are on the cover. Do what you please with the internal arrangements; despoil it of its flowers; drain from it the juice of wit and humor till it becomes as worthless as the refuse of the wine-press; nay, more, make it the organ of party politics if necessity requires, '*procul! procul! este profani,*' but spare, spare the old man and the name. I remember how, long ago, I used to gaze at that patriarchal picture on the cover. It always brought to mind the image of a venerated grandfather whose last days were spent at my home. Did you ever have a grandfather in the house? One of the old *régime*? Whose work on earth was done; whose life-statue was carved and perfected, and only left on exhibition here awhile as an art-study, ere it went beyond the great sea to take its place in the niche in heaven for which it was ordered by the divine collector of soul-sculpture? One in whom memory was fickle of present, but tenacious of past events? Whose heavenly virtues, as the evening shadows fell around, came forth as the stars? Whose whitened locks seemed a cheerful arraying for a tomb which to him was

“But a covered bridge

Leading from light to light through a brief darkness.’

'Hour after hour have I sat with my head on such an one's knee, peering curiously up into those once piercing but then gentle eyes, that seemed like chapel windows, on which are the images of holy saints, and through which the light from the soul came soft and mellowed, and listened to the adventures of a wild early life, till the narrow walls that hedge in the present crumbled and faded away, and I found myself sitting with him

"By the shores of old Romance."

'*Fuit sed nunc ad astra.*' The old chair, a sacred heir-loom now, is vacant; the pipe, as well as the 'golden bowl,' is broken; the grasshopper that became a burden has sung, and the snow has been sifted over his grave many times since then, yet my memories of him are as green as the grass now round his head-stone, and like the pressed flowers of an herbarium, still retain their fragrance. Do you wonder then that I love the old vignette that is so rich in suggestions?

'The name is not much less an object of my regard. I am sorry to say that I am not a KNICKERBOCKER, either by ancestry or name, but I have Teutonic tastes perfectly unaccountable. I have traced my father's line back to the customary three brothers, but they are all unquestionably English. My mother's race is direct from the May-flower party, and they are supposed to be of the same ethnological source. Here, however, I strike a thread that leads me out of this labyrinth, for it was undoubtedly during the Pilgrims' sojourn in Holland that these tastes were imbibed which have lain fallow so many years—the suppression of hereditary qualities being a well-established fact.

'No matter about that. I have endeavored as far as possible to overcome the accident of birth by training my natural propensities after the model of the noble sires whose history forms the golden and heroic age of this island. And here let me acknowledge my indebtedness to that veracious chronicler, DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, not only for the preservation of those Dutch portraits, but also for the golden woof of philosophy that he has woven into the truthful work of his narrative; though I must confess that he has made a savorless salt of all other history. MACAULAY alone approaches him in some of his loftier flights, but I always feel—what I never do in DIEDRICH—that he would at any time sacrifice truth for a fine sentence or a strong antithesis. Read KNICKERBOCKER's description of the capture of Fort Christina. Is there in literature its equal? Compare it with any account of the battle of Montebello which HORACE VERNET is painting. KNICKERBOCKER is the VERNET of martial literature.

'In the way of personal habits I have made commendable progress. I have a fine collection of meerschaums, and have smoked myself into confirmed phthisis. I attend all the German festivals at Hoboken and Jones' Woods, and call for my '*Schweizer Käse und Lager*' in a tone so guttural as to frighten any friend who may happen to be with me. The German language I never could master, but in lieu thereof, I have, by means of a friend who studied it in the University of Dublin, cultivated a broken speech which I think does just as well. The fact is, the expressive sentence above, with the numerals from one to four, say six for extra occasions, Ya and Nein, is all the knowledge of that language essential, indeed comprises pretty much all the colloquial discourse of the nation.

'I find the greatest difficulty with my 'phigger' being of the CASSIUS order, and therefore as others stuff their coats and vests, I pad my pants to attain that pyramidal proportion for which a historical personage wore ten pair of breeches; and with

eyes like a lynx, I affect dimness of perception after four o'clock. So Mr. EDITOR, keep your name, for to me, unlike the rose, it would n't be as sweet by any other.

'And now to strengthen an already pretty good claim to the title I have chosen, I will relate an incident which occurred this morning of a somewhat similar nature, though with a happier termination, to one told by DE QUINCEY. Last night a little bird of plumage so rare and beautiful as to make them think it had escaped from bondage, flew into the servants' room at a certainly very unseasonable hour for such a small bird. After fluttering awhile, it was secured, and this morning I found it in the hands of one of the maids, and soon persuaded her to let it go; but as I went to take it, it escaped and flew for the open air. Unfortunately a pane of glass intervened, against which it struck with violence, and dropped apparently lifeless on the floor. With a sorrow such as the destruction of any form of beauty always awakens, I picked it up and carried it into the fresh air, hoping the faint beating of its little heart might be quickened thereby, but its eye glazed, its mouth opened, the head drooped, and the body waved to-and-fro on my finger. I went near the woods, thinking may be the familiar sounds of the forest might rouse it. For a while it seemed of no avail, when suddenly a peculiar note from an adjoining thicket acted like magic. The bird started, opened its eyes, and turned its head with a wild, doubting look. Again that sound sent a succession of thrills through the little body, plainly perceptible on my finger; the wings were shaken out as if to plume themselves for flight, and as the before brief, uncertain note changed to a prolonged madrigal, with an ecstatic chirp of joy the bird fluttered to the woods. It reminded me of the scene in 'La Favorita,' where LEONORA starts from the foot of the cross as she distinguishes FERNANDO's voice above the monks in the chapel. Had this bird been the favorite of some ornithological monarch, and palmed off on a feathered FERNANDO whose forgiveness she now went to crave? Did she hear his voice above the woodland choir in that leafy chapel? Or was it some truant lover, a pennigerous TOM JONES, perchance on a 'lark' the night before, who heard his pardon from, and recall to, the downy breast of his forest love? Or like the author of 'Sweet Home' dying in a foreign land, was this bird awakened only to momentary life by a half-forgotten strain of the music of other days? I leave these questions for some modern augur to answer.'

Very neatly told. - - - WE believe that the KNICKERBOCKER — certainly with but one exception — was the first journal in this city, where they were first seen, which called public attention to the wonderful invention of *The Stereoscope*, now so greatly improved, and its marvels so remarkably increased. We sent up from the sanctum the other day some twenty or thirty specimens, in opaque glass and upon paper, for the examination of a neighbor, who in former years had visited the finest portions of the 'Old World,' and with a scholarly mind, and his quiet thoughts about him, had reaped the harvest of an observant eye. He returns the views, with the following note, which is so concise, so comprehensive, and so elegantly expressed, that we are unwilling to withhold it from our readers:

'L. G. CLARK, Esq.:

'Piermont, 22d October, 1859.

'DEAR SIR: I am very much obliged to you for making me acquainted with the wonders of the stereoscope. Beautiful magic! beautiful reality! Why should we any more waste our time in travel? Why encounter the risks of steam, the tedi-

ous monotony of wheels, the odium of tavern life and lodgings, the disgust of seeing offensive sights, hearing abominable sounds, and suffering intolerable fatigues and annoyances, to gain a view of any thing worth seeing, whether natural or artificial? Any one of the five stories of a modern lady's trunk would contain, in stereographic delineations, all the 'sights' worth seeing, which the 'Tour of Europe' promises and boasts of. These 'sights,' arranged on a parlor-table, may be seen at pleasure. Their peculiar beauties, condensed like thought in words, and rendered 'vocal to the eye,' may be studied, comprehended, enjoyed and reënjoyed. The 'tour of Europe' may be accomplished in an hour, without fatigue of mind or body. A student of Greek might as well get himself transported to Athens to read DEMOSTHENES in manuscript, instead of sitting down at home to a stereotype edition, as for a lover of natural scenery and of art to traverse oceans and continents to get an undiscriminating, momentary glance at scenes and objects with his unassisted eye, confused by surrounding objects, bewildered by indefinite generalities, and confounded by erroneous preconceptions and vague imaginations; instead of quietly taking up the stereoscope and studying each scene by itself, exhibited in its just proportions, with all its minute and exquisite details—studying and restudying and pondering it to his heart's content. I return the parcel, and am with special thanks,

'Respectfully your obedient servant,

E. L.'

Step into the Messrs. ANTHONY'S, Number 308 Broadway, and look at the *Instantaneous Views* in Broadway, alike in rain and in sun-shine, with *every thing* represented for miles that was in that noble, multitudinous thoroughfare at the time, and thousands of others, from all parts of the world: do the same at the great publishing-house of the Messrs. APPLETON, or at MESSRS. MASURY and WHITING'S extensive Artists'-Materials establishment, at Number 111 Fulton-street, heretofore mentioned by us, and see if either the KNICKERBOCKER or our eloquent correspondent have at all too highly extolled the manifold attractions of THE STEREOSCOPE. - - - Mr. GEORGE R. TURNER, 'Penmanist,' of Lansing, Michigan, may not practise a good 'hand-of-write art' that is a merely mechanical art: but he is evidently a 'born poet.' We have the cover of one of his 'specimen' writing-books, in which six 'Rules' are given, in six separate eight-line verses. They glow with genius, 'as you shall short-ly hear:'

'Sit gracefully up,

As though you were at dinner:

Support your left upon the left,

But keep the right arm free.

Now lightly, lightly touch the Pen,

Now point it toward your shoulders, men,

Be sure that you are right, and then

Go, go ahead!

'Now slide your right arm,

Just touching near the elbow,

And the two last nails, while you

The wrist always raise.

Now thumb and fingers freely bend,

While hand, and wrist, and arm extend,

And, in one mixed movement blend—

All right, go ahead!

'With sharp eye, first trace

Each letter slowly over,

Until each turn and shade you learn;

So trace, think, and write:

Give capitals but one bold shade,

With egg-shaped ovals, neatly made,

And their waving stems displayed—

So eye them again.

'The small letters form,

With angles gently rounding,

While all the Os, with care you close,

Make loops full and straight:

When joined, give all a level base,

With equal height, and slope, and space,

With uniform, flowing grace—

So trace, think, and write.'

Now, in all TENNYSON'S writings, taking his very best, *is there any thing like this?* We confidently express it as *our* opinion that there *is not!* 'Penman-

ist,' you can 'take the hat!' - - - THE recent death of THORNTON MCGAW, Esq., at Bangor, in Maine, has been widely announced in the public journals. We add our sincere condolence to that which has been so fervently tendered to his afflicted family. It was our good fortune to be intimately acquainted with Mr. MCGAW for these many years past: many were the pleasant epistolary missives which were exchanged between us; many the agreeable passages from *his*, which found their way to our TABLE; and many, *very* many, the agreeable hours we have passed together. It seems but yesterday that he was at our little cottage on the Hudson, with his now bereaved widow, an accomplished lady, in all respects a fit companion for such a man, who must indeed feel the 'impotence of consolation' for his loss; and 'in the leafy month of June,' a happy party of four of us rode admiringly over the surrounding hills, and through the sequestered vales of 'Old Rockland.' Mr. MCGAW was a man of marked personal appearance, and of still more strongly-marked intellectual character. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College; studied law with two of the most eminent counsellors of the State; commenced the practice of his profession in Bangor, which he ever afterward made his home. Judge HATHAWAY, of the Penobscot Bar, in presenting the united resolutions of the adjourned courts, well observes of the lamented deceased:

'He was a most honorable counsellor; and more than that, he was an honorable man, inspiring the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. He was a man of cordial and genial temperament, frank, affable, and courteous, and attractive in his manners as a companion and a friend.' . . . 'I first knew Mr. MCGAW in the prime and vigor of life, after he had commenced his professional career, and when by his skill in the management of affairs, by his accurate learning and ability, he had obtained a large and extensive practice. With the advantage which a liberal education confers, thoroughly read in the law, acquainted equally with its technicalities as with its more liberal and general principles, of unquestioned integrity, he soon acquired an eminent position in his profession. His habitual caution and prudence, his strong sense and legal acquirements, were all displayed in the sagacity of his professional advice, and in the wisdom of his judgment. Successful in early life in the acquisition of an estate amply abundant, he soon exchanged the harassing cares and annoying perplexities of forensic for the more congenial pleasures of social life, which his independent means permitted him to enjoy, and where his vigorous intellect, his liberal culture, his infinite wit and humor, made him one of the most attractive as well as one of the most instructive of companions.'

It seems strange that we shall see no more upon earth that tall form 'erect as a statue;' look no more into those liquid blue eyes, so full of feeling and expression; nor grasp again that friendly hand! - - - SINCE the time when JOHN PHOENIX, in the absence of 'Boston,' the editor of the *San Diego Herald*, took temporary charge of that now illustrious journal, and changed its politics in the very first number issued under his supervision — whence ensued that memorable battle, wherein the returned editor was so singularly worsted (!!) — since that period until the present, we have seen nothing in its kind more laughable than a little sketch which we have received, with the heading: '*Be Emphatic, Jones! — Touch 'em on the Raw!*' All papers, 'Republican,' 'Democratic,' 'American,' 'Whig,'

'Conservative,' all are full of 'Nigger,' as we write in late October — 'Old JOHN BROWN,' 'COOKE,' 'Nigger' — 'Nigger,' 'COOKE,' 'old JOHN BROWN;' these are the changes which are rung in all the journals of the day, East, West, North and South. There is no political 'offence' in the sketch; and the Republicans themselves, we venture to say, will laugh at it as heartily as their opponents. We 'clip' here and there, but with no detriment to the story: 'JONES' was a journeyman-printer, upon '*The Genius*,' a Republican newspaper, nominally edited by a popular and able lawyer, who however, could not do his duty to his clients and the paper too: either his briefs or his editorials must come lamely off: and the paper suffered in consequence. The proprietor, who, although a good manager and a practical man, knew nothing at all about editing: he would n't trust himself to select a paragraph from another paper, or accept for publication any thing which did not emanate from the pen of the editor. And now behold he was in trouble. The neglect of the ostensible editor was greatly reducing the subscription-list. That worthy was out of town, engaged in an important law-suit: and the proprietor, being in despair, hastens after him:

'He left the city hurriedly in search of his editor, but was himself delayed a day beyond his appointed time to return. In this state of affairs there was but one course to pursue. JONES was the 'clever fellow' of the establishment; and he was instructed to 'get out' the issue of '*The Genius*,' during the temporary absence of both editor and owner. The following is an exact copy of the 'letter of instruction' received from the absent proprietor, together with the postscript by the 'regular' editor.

'Poseyville, Oct. 2, 1859.

'DEAR JONES: Can't come home till morning. Get out best paper you can. Write short articles, and stir up the party for not giving their organs more assistance.

'H. E.

'P. S.—By the Editor — 'Be emphatic, JONES! — 'touch 'em on the raw!' A. J. L.'

'*The Genius*' was a Republican paper, of the broadest 'stripe:' and *that* JONES did not exactly like, 'nor never did;' for he was a strong Democrat, and had on several occasions reasoned with the publisher upon the propriety and policy of changing the politics of the paper. No proposition of this sort, however, could be entertained. '*The Genius*' owed its existence to the Republican party. Its politics was its life-blood. Nevertheless, a very great privilege was here extended to JONES. He was instructed to 'stir 'em up,' to be 'emphatic,' and to 'touch 'em on the raw:' he had 'full powers.'

'At length 'the deed was done:' the next '*Genius*' appeared with the following startling editorial:

'THE NIGGER. — We admire him. We like him. We love him. We go in for him. We have but one idea, and that is nigger. We have but one dream, and *that* is ditto. We preach from but one text, and *that* is ditto. We sing but one song, and *that* is ditto. We play but one tune, and *that* is ditto. We go our full length on Nigger. We are all over ditto. We are ditto in the morning. We are ditto at noon. We are ditto at night. We are ditto all the time. We live on ditto. We sleep on ditto. We'll die on ditto. *And yet, would you believe it, reader, 'The Genius do n't pay!!'*

While the writer of this 'stirring' editorial was enjoying, next morning, a

pleasing reverie at his success in editing, the office-door was thrown violently open by the exasperated proprietor:

"You infernal scoundrel!" he fairly roared, rushing toward JONES; but before he could finish his sentence, the latter had made his escape. The editor, however, arrived just in time to catch him at the street-door.

"J-O-N-E-S!" he shouted, at the same time shaking a copy of the paper in his face: "Look here! What have you done?"

"I reckon I have 'touched 'em on the raw,' said the bewildered JONES.

"By this time the proprietor, boiling over with rage, had joined the equally excited editor.

"You have killed the paper!" exclaimed the proprietor.

"You have ruined me!" followed the editor.

"How did you come to write such a savage article?" asked the proprietor.

"To 'stir 'em up a little!' mildly answered JONES.

"The thing is outrageous!" said the editor.

"It is a little *emphatic*," replied JONES.

"At this point there was a 'lively time,' consequent upon a rush of Republicans and Democrats to the office of '*The Genius*.' The former were full of indignation, and stamped and raved; the Democrats, on the contrary, were jubilant. Each carried a copy of the paper containing JONES' fatal editorial; lauded it to the skies, and promised all sorts of assistance. The old friends of the paper swore eternal enmity, and commenced their onslaught by ordering their advertisements out and their names erased from the subscription-book. At length, after the greatest din and confusion, the 'regular' editor was permitted to explain. He told the whole story; disavowed the authorship of the obnoxious editorial; condemned the sentiments therein expressed; promised to make ample apology in a succeeding issue; and assured the patrons of '*The Genius*' that he would give up the practice of the law, lay BLACKSTONE on the shelf, and remain permanently at his post. Accordingly, the next day the matter was set right. Poor JONES came in for some heavy shots for the trouble he had caused; and what was still worse, nothing but his removal from the concern would satisfy the outraged '*Genius*'s patrons.' The Democrats of the town, however, came to JONES' rescue. They started a paper of their own; made JONES their 'regular' editor, and to this day his business with his opponents is, to '*stir 'em up, and 'touch 'em on the raw!*'"

Pretty well 'touched up.' - - - Some of our readers may remember the wealthy but eccentric English nobleman, who advertised for a servant in the '*Times*' newspaper. An inquirer called, and making known his business, was shown up to his Lordship. Among the duties which 'FLUNKEY' said he could include as his, was blacking his lordship's boots. 'Oh, never mind *that*,' said the 'dry' old nobleman, 'I always black my own boots—always. But how much wages do you expect?' 'Sixty guineas a year, my lord,' replied FLUNKEY. 'Sixty guineas!' exclaimed his lordship, with consternation: 'sixty guineas! Make it *seventy*, and I'll come and live with you!' The following '*scene in an Intelligence Office*,' from a recent '*PUNCH*,' brought this to mind. BIDDY is in want of a place:

'BIDDY, (To the lady.) Do you keep two girls? Is the kitchen on the same floor

with the parlor? Have you a canvas carpet on the floor? Have you gas in the kitchen?

'LADY. Now, BIDDY, if you have got through, allow me to ask you a few questions. Do you speak French? Talk Spanish or Italian? Do you take tea out more than three times a week? Do you play the piano?

'BIDDY. Indeed, no ma'am.

'LADY. Then you won't do for me. I want a maid with all these accomplishments.

'Exit BIDDY in search of another office.'

THERE is, to our mind, a great deal of true, tender pathos, as well as undying Christian trust and hope, in the lines entitled '*A Little While*.' We know not who is the author:

'Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

'Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

'Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

'Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!'

Who is the author of these lines? - - - MR. BUCHANAN, the elected sovereign of our *universal* sovereigns, has been called all sorts of hard names, by all sorts of politicians, in all sections of the country. He expected this, we suspect; for from our FIRST PRESIDENT, down to the present moment, he forms, in this respect, no exception from his 'illustrious predecessors.' 'Well, what of it?' may be asked: why, *this*: that hereafter we do not intend for a moment to *believe* one half of what we hear against Mr. BUCHANAN, and we shall 'go nigh' seriously to doubt the other half. Our faith is thus grounded: our old-time handsome friend, and clever actor, 'Young VANDENHOFF,' in his new and lively volume, '*Leaves from an Actor's Note-Book*,' tells this story of our present 'National

Chief-Magistrate,' what time he was our Minister to England, and 'thus and there,' a guest at the Lord Mayor's Dinner—a great affair in 'The City,' always :

'I FIND in my note-book on that night, the following memorandum: 'Dinner capital; speechifying shy!' And so it was.

'Mr. Buchanan's hit.—The solitary flash that lit up the tables—the solitary stroke that told—came from the forge of Mr. J. BUCHANAN, the American Minister. In reply to some toast of the Lord Mayor's complimentary to the United States, Mr. BUCHANAN rose, put his hand, I think, into his broad, white waistcoat pocket, and began :

'My Lord Mayor, my lords and gentlemen: Republican as I am,' he paused for a moment, and there was rather a solemn silence at his formal and rather ominous beginning: *Conticure omnes intentique ora tenebant!*

'Republican as I am, there is one institution of Great Britain for which I feel the deepest respect, and the most affectionate admiration. I fervently pray that, whatever changes may take place, whatever reforms may be carried out, whatever alterations may be wrought by public sentiment and opinion, whatever revolutions, even—which HEAVEN avert!—may take place in this country, I fervently pray that *one* institution, at least, may be spared—that it may continue to flourish, to grow, to increase and be strengthening and confirmed! I allude, my lords and gentlemen, to THE PUBLIC DINNERS OF GREAT BRITAIN!'

'Imagine,' continues VANDENHOFF, 'the surprise, the shouts of laughter, and the cheers that followed this unexpectedly humorous turn to the solemn and imposing opening of his republican exordium! The American Minister had made a *hit*: he clenched it by courteously acknowledging the hospitalities he had received in England; and proposing the health of the Lady Mayoress, sat down amidst general applause.' - - - 'Do you know,' writes a Baltimore friend, 'the Chinese potato? 'that's the question,' for if you do, you know that it grows to the length of three to four feet in good deep loamy soil, and grows, too, with the 'bottom down,' being larger at that extremity than at the top. DAVY R—, one of the agricultural and fruiticultural amateurs of our county, procured some of the aforesaid 'potatoes' and planted them in the rich soil of his kitchen garden. Last week he set his old darkey JOSH to dig up the fruit for exhibition at the coming Fair, and to his great surprise found one potato nearly four feet in length. Whilst the process of exhuming was going carefully on, and some three feet of the vegetable had been exposed, DAVY remarked to his servant: 'JOSH, do you know that these potatoes came from the other side of the world, and are growing 'up this way right under our feet?'' 'Bless goodness, Mass' DAVE,' replied the old negro, looking up from his task with the perspiration streaming from his forehead, 'I believe dis fellow's *done gone home*!' Extremely 'color'd pussony' that! - - - WE seem to feel the breath and inhale the perfume of the northern winds and woods, as we read weekly, in the Sing-Sing (Westchester County) *Republican*, the series of 'Letters from the Adirondacks,' from the pen of an accomplished lady, by whose initials, 'H. L. P.,' we recognize an esteemed personal friend. We have never visited the Adirondacks; but these 'Letters' transport us once more into the central wilds of JOHN BROWN's Tract, and bring back again before us, by the borders of the still lake,

or threading the tangled pass, scattered members of the 'North-Woods WALTON Club,' 'a-enjoyink of themselves' in that sweet-smelling, loon-halloo'd, (*pun*) trout-darting, trout-catching, and *trout-frying* region. The 'Letters' referred to are written with marked spirit, yet with simplicity, and are imbued with an unmistakable appreciation and love of 'Nature in her wildest moods.' - - - Try to imitate, reader, the rhythmical skill which characterizes these playful lines, from the London '*Once-a-Week*.' You will find it no easy matter. '*The Two Partings*' are they 'hight:'

'We parted once before. You wept
When I rose up to go, you did;
You prayed for me before you slept,
You little love, you know you did!

'And now no grief is on that brow,
Which then you said throbb'd so, you did;
You loved me better then than now;
You cruel thing, you know you did!

'Do you remember what the sea,
I took you out to show you, did?
You made a pretty simile
You false of tongue, you know you did!

'You sighed, 'That life were like its crests
When sunshine breezes blow,' you did;
'To catch love's light before it rests!'
You cold, cold heart, you know you did!

'What have I done? You smile no more
On me as months ago you did;
You deem my homage now a bore;
You liked it then, you know you did.

'How blest,' you said, 'Were life with one
Who'd love me truly!' Oh! you did!
But, you thought I was an elder son,
You utter flirt, you know you did!

This sounds very like 'TOM TAYLOR.' - - - We have received an amusing but a good deal too long 'Squiblet,' depicting '*A Night in a Railroad Sleeping-Car*,' an 'excruciating' scene altogether! Our friend's troubles might have been obviated, and the desiderated repose and sleep secured, had he sat in the new '*Reclining Railroad Seat*' of Mr. C. A. SMITH, Superintendent of Car-Building for the New-York and Erie Railroad at Piermont. The seat is patented, and obtained the first premium at the last 'session' of the American Institute. The traveller, by touching a spring at his elbow, secures *perfect repose, at any angle he may desire to place himself*. The improvement is very simple, and as cheap as it is simple; for, although it can be made ornamental, it can at once be applied to the seats of old as well as new cars. - - - We intended in our last number to refer to the Mount Washington Institute of Messrs. CLARKE and FANNING, 218 Fourth-street, New-York. The continued popularity of this Institute for young gentlemen and lads; the fact, that among its patrons are many of the most substantial families of the city, and the great number of successful young men who have graduated therefrom, speak well for the system of Messrs. CLARKE and FANNING, and are the best guarantee of their efficiency.

'PRESENTATIONS,' as they are called, which are not unfrequent among us, are not often of the high character of one which we see recorded in the journals of this morning. A superb portrait of the late City Chamberlain, A. V. STOUT, Esq., President of the Leather-Manufacturers' Bank, from the pencil of our most distinguished portrait-painter, Mr. CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, was recently presented to that gentleman, at his new and beautiful mansion, by the officers of the Police of the city of New-York, to whom, and to whose men he had proved so noble and timely a benefactor: for, when the city's funds were locked up by the decision of the Comptroller, he advanced four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, from his own resources, to save them from actual want. A noble act — and well might the Police be grateful. The occasion was one of marked interest. Mr. SQUIERS, on behalf of the Police, in presenting the admirable picture, brought tears into many more eyes than his own; and Mr. Stout's modest reply, which was in the best possible taste, was also replete with deep feeling. It was an occasion long to be remembered by all who witnessed it. - - - THE editorial staff upon APPLETON'S great *Cyclopædia*, able as it has been hitherto, has been materially strengthened by the acquisition to the corps of CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., late of Philadelphia, but now, we are glad to be able to say, a resident of our metropolis. Mr. LELAND is not only a scholar, familiar with the ancient and modern languages, but he is a thoroughly-read man, up to our time, and conversant not only with books but with men. But our readers know what he is; and that his style is clear, copious without verbosity, and very attractive. - - - THE City Commissioner, having in charge, among his other duties, 'an eye' to the renovation and restoration of the venerable and memorable ancient and modern pictures, heretofore to be seen in the 'Governor's Room' at the City-Hall, has assigned that duty to Mr. CHARLES W. JARVIS, who is not only the son of an eminent artist, but *himself* a portrait-painter, who has been gradually establishing during twenty years, an artistic reputation, of which any painter might well be proud. No better selection could possibly have been made. Mr. JARVIS has an affection for his art: is thoroughly and practically acquainted with the minutest details of it: and will do 'loving justice' to the invaluable pictures which have been committed to his care. - - - OUR Index, Title-page, and the application of the 'Clearing-House' system, in making preparation for our forthcoming new volume, has precluded from the present number the continuation of our 'Narrative-History of the KNICKERBOCKER.' It will go on in our January number; and we may hope that it will be none the worse for the delay. - - - WE believe it will be conceded by our readers, that we are not open to the charge of *puffery* in relation to what may constitute the attractions of the KNICKERBOCKER, present or prospective. But on this occasion, we can speak with the entrest confidence in regard to the truly splendid engraving, '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*,' an 'Announcement' of which appears in the present number of our work. It is in every respect exquisite — faultless in execution, full of the truest sentiment and feeling, and as an artistic composition, full without being crowded or confused. It is *matchless* — *masterly*: and will be a noble ornament to any parlor or library: and it can be consulted with renewed gratification 'day by day, and from time to time.'

Illustrated Holiday Books.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY announce almost a library of splendidly illustrated works for the coming holiday season. Among them are 'Reynard the Fox,' after the version of GOETHE, by THOMAS J. ARNOLD: with sixty illustrations, from the designs of WILHELM VON KAULBACH; 'The Merrie Days of England,' illustrated with twenty large engravings, from drawings by BIRKET FOSTER and other English artists; 'The Waverley Gallery,' being a series of engraved illustrations of portraits of characters in Sir WALTER SCOTT'S romances; 'Dies Irae,' in thirteen original versions, by ABRAHAM COLES, M.D.; 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' by MILTON: with upwards of thirty illustrations, drawn and sketched by BIRKET FOSTER, the text printed in red; 'The Pleasures of Hope,' by THOMAS CAMPBELL: with twenty-five illustrations by BIRKET FOSTER and others; TENNYSON'S Poem of 'The Miller's Daughter,' illustrated by A. L. BOND; BUNYAN'S 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with one hundred and twenty illustrations; SHAKESPEARE'S 'Merchant of Venice,' illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER, in the style of GRAY'S Elegy; and 'The Book of Modern Ballads,' printed in gold, and containing the gems of modern ballad-writing. To these are added 'Moral Emblems,' from JACOB CATZ and ROBERT FARLEY: with one hundred and twenty illustrations and vignettes; and 'Merry Pictures,' by COMIC HANDS: with over five hundred humorous illustrations, by PHIZ, CROWQUILL, DOYLE, and LEACH. We refer our readers to the advertisement of D. APPLETON AND COMPANY in our advertising sheet, for the prices, etc. of the above elegant works.

Musical Publications. New Music.

We are bound to confess that we have paid too little attention to the new musical publications, and new sheet-music which have been sent us of late: but there was a reason for it. The piano, and accompanying voices, were still in the parlor: 'the girls,' who were our musical 'reminders,' were 'all gone'd afay;' young 'vrouws,' making music in *other* parlors not far off, yet not *here*. We consoled ourselves, however, for our neglect, by the reflection that the KNICKERBOCKER was not, and was not intended to be, a musical journal; until at last CONSCIENCE whispered: 'If you don't criticise, you ought at least to *announce*, and sometimes *describe*; to do less than this, can scarcely be fair.' *'That's so:'* and upon this hint we speak:

'OUR MUSICAL FRIEND': SEYMOUR AND COMPANY, 107 Nassau-street. This is the somewhat fanciful title of a weekly publication, each number containing twelve pages of music; price ten cents per number. This is the first successful attempt to popularize piano music. All previous attempts depended for success on economy in production, an economy which rendered the paper light, the pages small, the typography inaccurate and obscure, and the contents only worthy of the dress they wore. MESSRS. SEYMOUR AND COMPANY'S issues are distinguished for their neatness and accuracy, and the careful selection of the contents in every number thus far issued. It has been published for nearly a year now, and the result has shown the wisdom of its projectors, for nearly half a million of copies in all have been disposed of during the year. Of course, in a work of this kind, those 'difficult' pieces, that Dr. JOHNSON wished were 'impossible,' never appear; advanced players get their music elsewhere, but the large majority of non-professional

pianists and singers find this work to be a supply of just such music as they can use and must have, while its cheapness is also a strong inducement to purchase.

NEW MUSIC.—If our readers recollect the character of the issues of our sheet-music publishers even a few years ago, and would compare them with those of the present time, they would be both surprised and delighted. Dingy, coarse paper, blurred print and small editions, are replaced by fine, white paper, and editions large as book-publishers have. Reprints of English works used to form the staple of a publisher's issues, but, with the increase of musical cultivation among us, multitudes of composers have been developed, and our sheet-music publishers now do mostly a copyright business. Many of these copyrights are very valuable. MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND SON are now engaged on a work by WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, for the copy of which they pay the author three thousand dollars, and will probably spend as much more before the entire work, a complete opera score, is issued.

The largest sheet-music publishing house in the United States is that of OLIVER DITSON AND COMPANY, Boston. In New-York, MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND SON, and FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, divide the supremacy between them. MESSRS. SCHUBERT, SCHARFENBERG AND LUIS, and BREUSING deal chiefly with French and German music, and no piece of any note is issued in Paris or Vienna, but it is immediately imported or reproduced here.

MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have sent us: *Come, come, 'tis now our Festal Hour*, a concert trio for soprano, mezzo-soprano and contralto, by WALLACE. A concert piece, but within the capacity of many amateurs. *The sweetest of Flowers*, and *Retrospection*, ballads composed by THOMAS, are very simple, pleasing melodies, with easy accompaniment. *Midnight Chimes*, an impromptu, by WALLACE, is a highly dramatic piece of sound-painting, not specially difficult, and very brilliant. *Le Pardon de Ploermel*, *Polka Mazurka*, an arrangement by A. FALESEY, from the opera named, one of the novelties of the last London season; a brilliant and easy piece, somewhat easy of execution. *Polka Ideale*, by CHARLES FRADEL, and dedicated to his friend, JAMES F. HALL, requires considerable flexibility of finger, and careful study to bring out the effects indicated by the author. *Romanza* from the opera of *Marie de Rohan*, by WALLACE. Mr. WALLACE is a prolific writer, but never a careless one. All his pieces are good, though of course there is a wide range of style. The present is a delicate capriccio, requiring considerable rapidity and smoothness of execution, especially for the right hand.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued: *Fairy Belle*, a song by STEPHEN C. FOSTER. So many of this song have been sold, that we suppose our lady friends may all have copies; if any have not, they should get it; it is one of those easy, taking melodies so quickly learned, and so simply beautiful that its popularity is not surprising. *La Traviata*, by WOLLENHAUPT, a brilliant show-piece, worthy of the powers of the best players. *When I saw Sweet Nelly Home*, song, by J. FLETCHER. *Il suon dell' arpa angeliche*, a transcription by D. ANGELO, from the opera of *I Martiri*. *Echoes from Newport*, by HELMSMULLER; a collection of the dance-music played by the Germanians at Newport. *Les Bords du St. Lawrence*, variations on the air *Vive la Canadienne*, by CHARLES GROBE. Mr. GROBE is one of our most prolific writers, and his name is well known to every one having a piano. This composition is suited for advanced players, and will repay the necessary study. *Chansons Anglaises*, variations on *Kathleen Mavourneen*, is a brilliant piece, requiring a rapid and delicate touch. *Marriage Bell Polka*, by ARTHUR NAPOLEON. *Triumphal March from I Martiri*; transcription by D. ANGELO. *Brindisi from Lucrezia Borgia*, by WOLLENHAUPT. This is a show-piece of considerable difficulty, requiring a strong left hand, and great flexibility in the fingers of the right hand. *Grand March from Tannhäuser*, for two pianos, eight hands; by A. W. BERG. If any of our readers should happen to have two pianos and eight hands, we recommend them to study this piece; we have not the above qualifications, indispensable to a complete knowledge of it. It is suitable for school exhibitions.

We have not exhausted our list, but this is enough for the present. We have not space enough to give honorable mention of all the new issues at present, and must resume the subject next month.